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URIEL

Stanzas to the Memory of William Vaughn Moody*

BY PERCY MACKAYE

Uriel, you that in the ageless sun
Sit in the awful silences of light,
Singing of vision hid from human sight—
Prometheus, beautiful rebellious one!
And you, Deucalion,
For whose blind seed was brought the illuming spark:
Are you not gathered, now his day is done,
Beside the brink of that relentless dark—
The dark where your dear singer's ghost is gone?

Imagined beings, who majestic blend
Your forms with beauty!—questing, unconfined,
The mind conceived you, though the quenchèd mind
Goes down in dark where you in dawn ascend.
Our songs can but suspend
The ultimate silence: yet could song aspire
The realms of mortal music to extend
And wake a sibyl's voice or seraph's lyre—
How should it tell the dearness of a friend?

* William Vaughn Moody died October 17, 1910. On the night of October 16th, he told of a new drama on the theme of Saint Paul which had come to him splendidly as a vision. To that fact the sixth stanza of this poem refers.

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The simplest is the inexpressible;
The heart of music still evades the Muse,
And arts of men the heart of man suffuse,
And saddest things are made of silence still.
In vain the senses thrill
To give our sorrows glorious relief
In pyre of verse and pageants volatile,
And I, in vain, to speak for him my grief
Whose spirit of fire invokes my waiting will.

To him the best of friendship needs must be
Uttered no more; yet was he so endowed
That Poetry because of him is proud
And he more noble for his poetry,
Wherefore—and fittingly—
I obey the strong compulsion which this verse
Lays on my lips with strange austerity—
Now that his voice is silent—to rehearse
For my own heart how he was dear to me.

Not by your gradual sands, elusive Time,
We measure your gray sea, that never rests:
The bleeding hour-glasses in our breasts
Mete with quick pangs the ebbing of our prime,
And drip—like sudden rime
In March, that melts to runnels from a pane
The south breathes on—oblivion of sublime
Crystallizations, and the ruthless wane
Of glittering stars, that scarce had range to climb.

Darkling those constellations of his soul
Glimmered, while racks of stellar lightnings shot
The white, creative meteors of thought
Through that last night, where—clad in cloudy stole—
Beside his ebbing shoal
Of life-blood, stood Saint Paul, blazing a theme
Of living drama from a fiery scroll
Across his stretchèd vision as in dream—
When Death, with blind dark, blotted out the whole.

And yet not all: though darkly alien
Those uncompleted worlds of work to be

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Are waned, still, touched by them, the memory
Gives afterglow; and now that comes again
The mellow season when
Our eyes last met, his kindling currents run
Quickening within me gladness and new ken
Of life, that I have shared his prime with one
Who wrought large-minded for the love of men.

But not alone to share that large estate
Of work and interchange of communings—
The little human paths to heavenly things
Were also ours: the casual, intimate
Vistas, which consecrate—
With laughter and quick tears—the dusty noon
Of days, and by moist beams irradiate
Our plodding minds with courage, and attune
The fellowship that bites its thumb at fate.

Where art thou now, mine host Guffanti?—where
The iridescence of thy motley troop!
Ah, where the merry, animated group
That snuggled elbows for an extra chair,
When space was none to spare,
To pour the votive Chianti, for a toast
To dramas dark and lyrics debonair,
The while, to *Bella Napoli*, mine host
Exhaled his Parmazan, Parnassan air!

Thy Parmazan, immortal laird of ease,
Can never mold, thy caviare is blest,
While still our glowing Uriel greets the rest
Around thy royal board of memories,
Where sit, the salt of these,
He of the laughter of a Hundred Lights—
Blithe Eldorado of high poesies,
And he—of enigmatic, gentle knights
The kindly keen—who sings of *Calverly's*.

Because he never wore his sentient heart
For crows and jays to peck, ofttimes to such
He seemed a stolid fellow, who o'ermuch
Held from the general gossip-ground apart,
Or tersely spoke, and tart:

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How should they guess what eagle tore, within,
His quick of sympathy for humblest smart
Of human wretchedness, or probed his spleen
Of scorn against the hypocritic mart!

Sometimes insufferable seemed to come
That wrath of sympathy: One windy night,
We watched through squalid panes, forlornly white,—
Amid immense machines' incessant hum—
Frail figures, gaunt and dumb,
Of overlabored girls and children, bowed
Above their slavish toil: "O God!—A bomb!
A bomb!" he cried, "and with one fiery cloud
Expunge the horrible Cæsars of this slum!"

Another night dreams on the Cornish hills:
Trembling within the low moon's pallid fires,
The tall corn-tassels lift their fragrant spires;
From filmy spheres, a liquid starlight fills—
Like dew of daffodils—
The fragile dark, where multitudinous
The rhythmic, intermittent silence thrills,
Like song, the valleys.—"Hark! [he whispers]—Thus
May bards from crickets learn their canticles!"

Now Morning, not less lavish of her sweets,
Leads us along the wood paths—in whose hush
The quivering alchemy of the pure thrush
Cools from above the balsam-dripping heats—
To find, in green retreats,
Mid men of clay, the great, quick-hearted man
Whose subtle art our human age secretes,
Or him whose brush, tinct with cerulian,
Blooms with soft castle towers and cloud-capt fleets.

Still, to the sorcery of August skies,
In frillèd crimson flaunt the hollyhocks,
Where, lithely poised along the garden walks,
His little maid enamoured blithe outvies
The dipping butterflies
In motion—ah, in grace how grown the while,
Since he was wont to render to her eyes
His knightly court, or touch with flitting smile
Her father's heart by his true flatteries!

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But summer's golden pastures boast no trail
So splendid as our fretted snow-shoes blaze
Where, sharp across the amethystine ways,
Iron Ascutney looms in azure mail,
And, like a frozen grail,
The frore sun sets—intolerably fair;
Mute, in our home-bound snow-tracks, we exhale
The silvery cold, and soon—where bright logs flare—
Talk the long indoor hours, till embers fail.

Ah, with the smoke, what smouldering desires
Waft to the starlight up the swirling flue!—
Thoughts that may never, as the swallows do,
Nest circling homeward to their native fires!
Ardors the soul suspires
The extinct stars drink with the dreamer's breath;
The morning song of Eden's early choirs
Grows dim with Adam; close at the ear of death
Relentless angels tune our earthly lyres!

Let it be so: More sweet it is to be
A listener of love's ephemeral song,
And live with beauty though it be not long,
And die enamoured of eternity,
Though in the apogee
Of time there sit no individual
Godhead of life, than to reject the plea
Of passionate beauty: loveliness is all,
And love is more divine than memory;

And love of beauty is the abiding part
Of friendship: by its intense beams we char
Away all dead and gross familiar
Disguise, and lay revealed truth's living heart—
The spirit's counterpart,
Which was in him a flaming Uriel
Obscured by chaining flesh, but freed by art
And by the hand-clasp which his friends knew well,
To make from time the imprisoned splendors start.

The splendors start again from common things
At thought of quiet hours of fellowship,
When his shy fancy, like an elfin ship,

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On foam of pipe-smoke spread elusive wings,
While subdued carolings
Of viewless fervors followed in her wake,
Till, with swift tack and rhythmic sweep of strings,
She flew before his darkening thought, and strake
On reefs that rolled with solemn thunderings.

The simple and the mighty themes, that keep
Friendship robust and taut the mental tether,
Of these we talked in casual ways together,
Delighting in the shallow and the deep:
Nature, quick or asleep,
And poetry, the fool's anathema,
Plays, and the magic house whose passions weep
Or laugh at their own image, America
Our gallant country, and her captainship.

But special privileged investitures
Of beauty liked him not. To him the fact
Was by its passion only made compact
Of beauty; as, amid the Gloucester moors,
The loveliness, which lures
The artist's eye, for him was nature's prism
To illume his love of country: art which endures
At once is poetry and patriotism,
In spite of jingoists and epicures.

So, since his soul contemned thoughts which suborn
Glory from theft, where he stood, unafraid,
"Before the solemn bronze Saint-Gaudens made,"
It was his consecration to be torn
Between swift grief and scorn
For the island pillage of our Myrmidons,
And there alone, alone of the high born,
He spoke, as the great sculptor spoke in bronze,
From love, whose worth can never be outworn.

Long may we heed his voice, though he be mute
As the wan stars to instigate us more!
Long shall we need his voice, in the gross war
Of civic pillagers whose hands pollute
Our country, and confute
The oaths of freedom! Long his passionate art

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Let serve the people's temple, to transmute
The impotence of artists, and impart
Strength to the fair, joy to the resolute!

The joy of that large faith American
In the high will which turns the human tide
He blazed across the sun-crowned Great Divide,
To make in art a new meridian,
Stretching the puny span
Of our pent theater's roof to arch a flood
Of mightier passion cosmopolitan,
And build, in nobler urgings of our blood,
The excellent democracy of man.

Nor less he probed the subtle, cosmical
Yearnings which glorify the spirit's sleep,
Where dumb Michaelis, 'mid his grazing sheep,
Stared on the awful Presence Spiritual,
And heard the mystic call
Of the clear Christ across the desert waste
Lifting from life and death the numbing pall
Of sense, for all the anguished and disgraced
Cleansing the mind with breath medicinal.

These were the virile omens of his prime
(Unmellowed still, he called them, but enough
To give his ardor tang for lordlier stuff),
But these, when from the clear noon of his clime
He sank—to solemn chime
Of stars—in twilight down, the petty grigs
That pipe around the marshes of the mime,
Parched niggards of negation, rasped with jigs
Of glee—to perish in the frost of time.

To her who, 'mid his starry litany,
Muffled their niggling jargon from his ears
For quiet music of familiar spheres,
Soothing the dark inevitability
With springs of courage, be
Her own strong soul her sentinel: the flame
That leaps in praise dies in my monody.
Beauty with service hallows her own fame:
A living greatness asks no elegy.

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Uriel, you of light and vision guard!
Uriel, *you* who with that fiery being
Are blended in my vision's far foreseeing,
That by one name I hail you—friend and bard!
Our battling age is starred
With portents of your presence, till the years,
Urged by your voice, besiege time's evil-scarred
Ruin with sounds of singing pioneers,
Whose onward wills, like wings that slip the shard,

Sweep to the future! What the mind adores
The will of man shall conquer: what his fate
Denies, his courage still shall consummate!
And as Imagination, rising, soars—
Scattering the viewless spores
Of beauty on the tempest—Uriel,
You gaze with her where the blind gloaming roars,
Or murmur, where she sits—with fervent shell—
Rapt in the solitudes of fiery shores.

PERCY MACKAYE.

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BEFORE AND AFTER THE VETO

BY EDWARD PORRITT

THERE have been only three great crises in the history of the House of Lords since the Revolution of 1688—the Revolution at which the English people shook themselves free from the Stuarts and the old Tory doctrine of the divine right of kings and imported the Hanoverians, and at which, quite as important as these momentous changes, the aristocracy—known since 1851, when Edward Michael Whitty coined the phrase, as the governing class—drew to itself absolute control of Parliament and of the government of England. The first of these crises came with the struggle over the Reform Bill of 1830-32. The second grew out of the bills for the extension of the Parliamentary franchise and for the redistribution of seats in the House of Commons of 1884-85; and the third and last over the Lords' Veto Bill, which received the Royal Assent on August 18th.

Little unpleasantnesses between the Commons and the Lords, arising over the powers of each with regard to money bills, occurred now and again from 1661, when the issue was a bill, originating with the Lords, for the paving of streets of Westminster in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's Palace, to 1861, when there was trouble over the repeal of the paper duties. The Lords in 1661 were greatly concerned over the wretchedness of the road between St. James's Palace and St. Stephen's—the road over which Charles II. had to travel when he went in state to open or prorogue Parliament; and in their royalist zeal they carried a bill through their House for the repair of the streets of Westminster.

This would have laid a charge on the city of Westminster; and so when the bill, which had thus originated in the House of Lords—where no money bill should originate—reached the Commons, an objection was promptly raised. The Lords

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were told that the Commons had observed "that the said bill was to alter the course of law in part and to lay a charge upon the people," and that the Commons conceived that "it is a privilege inherent in this House that bills of that nature ought to be considered here." After this observing and conceiving, it was ordered by the Commons that "the said bill be laid aside, and that the House of Lords be acquainted with the reason for doing so."

The House of Commons did not end the business with this observing and conceiving. It went a stage further; for it was ordered, as the Journal of the House of Commons for July 24, 1661, reads, that the House of Lords "be asked not to suffer any mention of the bill to remain in their Journals." Nevertheless, as the condition of the streets in the neighborhood of St. Stephen's Palace was undeniably and notoriously bad, and as Commons as well as Lords had to wade through the mud to reach the palace, the Commons were willing to accommodate themselves as well as Charles II. and the Lords; and on July 24th they "further acquainted" the Lords "that this House, finding the matter of the bill to be very useful and of public concernment, have ordered a bill of the like nature to be prepared and brought in tomorrow." The next day the substitute bill was introduced in the Commons. It was then read a second time; and the Commons were so eager to put an end to wading through mud to St. Stephen's both for Commons and Lords, and were, moreover, equally eager that no harm should come to Charles II.'s state coach, that progress on the bill was expedited; and by July 27th it had been read a third time and sent to the Lords.

In the mean time the bill from the Lords had been "cushioned," to use the phraseology of the Irish Parliament of the days before the repeal of Poynings' Act; and it was over the "cushioning" process that the final conflict between the two Houses occurred. Progress on the substitute bill in the Lords was as expeditious as it had been in the Commons, where it originated. It went through all its stages in the Lords between July 27th and July 29th, and on this day it was back in the Commons because of a proviso added by the Lords. In this proviso the Lords objected to the quashing of their bill and to the substitution therefor of the bill of the Commons. They cited three local improvement Acts imposing local charges, passed in 1562 and 1588, which

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had originated with the Lords, although apparently not without protest from the House of Commons,

"Yet out of their tender and dutiful respect to His Majesty, who is much incommoded by the neglect of those highways and sewers mentioned in the bill, they have for this time, in that respect alone, given way to the bill now in agitation which came from the Commons, with a proviso of their Lordships."

The proviso declared that "nothing in this bill shall extend to the privilege of both or either of the Houses of Parliament," and that the act for paving the streets of Westminster "should not be drawn into example to their Lordships' prejudice." The Commons would not accept the proviso, but they offered a substitute proviso because that from the Lords "did insinuate a right which their Lordships claimed, which they (the Commons) could not admit."

The substitute proviso read "that nothing in this act shall be understood or shall extend to the admitting or creating of any right or principle of either House of Parliament which hath not formerly and justly belonged to either of them." With this substitute proviso the Westminster paving bill went back to the House of Lords. There it was objected that the Commons' proviso destroyed the proviso of the Lords. This the Commons, of course, intended it to do; so there was a deadlock. The bill failed to pass, and the Lords publicly advertised their defeat by the Commons, when they issued a proclamation—that had absolutely no force and was really an appeal—calling upon the justices of the peace of Westminster to put the streets in the neighborhood of Whitehall and Westminster into better order.

All the other conflicts over money bills from 1661 to 1861 ended as obviously in favor of the Commons as that of the year after the Restoration; and the only really great crisis growing out of conflicts between the two Houses were, as has been said, those of 1832, 1884, and 1909-11.

In the memorable struggle of 1832 over the Reform Act —the bill effecting great changes in the electoral system which had been admitted to be necessary and imperative as far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth—the Lords were defeated. They were defeated, however, under circumstances which in no degree diminished the dignity with which they had entered upon that momentous conflict and maintained it until, under the leadership of Wellington, they had realized that defeat was inevitable. In the conflict of

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1884 over the bill which extended the franchise to all the working classes, and the bill for the redistribution of seats, practically all the advantages and undeniably all the honors were with the Lords. It was the one great crisis out of which the Lords emerged victorious.

In that struggle there was a greater and more widely extended popular uprising against the Lords and their claims with regard to these two bills than there had been in 1832, chiefly because owing to enormously improved means of communication and of travel popular political demonstration was much more practicable than it had been during the crises of 1831 and 1832. There was in the summer of 1884 no rioting as there had been at Bristol, and no burning of castles as there had been at Nottingham. There was no run on the Bank of England, organized for political effect, as during the agitation of 1832. But the country was aroused in 1884 even more than it was over the Lords' Veto Bill of 1911; and from July to October, Bright, Morley, Chamberlain, and Dilke, the more radical leaders of the Liberal party of that day, were addressing great meetings—some held indoors, others in the open air — and demanding either the "ending or the mending" of the House of Lords.

During the summer and autumn months of 1884, on the surface it really looked as though the ending or mending of the House of Lords was about to happen—that a conflict impending since 1832 was to be fought out and settled before the Parliamentary franchise about to be extended to the working classes outside of the boroughs could be exercised by the new voters at a general election. But it was only on the surface that things were thus, for as yet the great division in the Liberal party on Home Rule had not occurred, the working classes had not yet begun to use their votes to return forty-odd Labor members to the House of Commons. England in 1884, as since 1688, was still governed by the territorial families of both political parties, and consequently at this time the Whigs were dominant in Gladstone's cabinet, as they had been in every Whig or Liberal cabinet since the end of the long Tory régime that was the immediate and outstanding result of the agitation for the Reform Bill of 1832 and its enactment.

A few Whigs of the Argyll and Lansdowne type had, it is true, broken away from Gladstone and the Liberals over the Irish land legislation of 1881. It has invariably been on

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land questions—tenant right, game laws, land-purchase bills, and especially on bills for taxing land—that the territorial class has aroused itself in politics. This had been the case with the Whigs who left Gladstone in 1881. Thus the advance-guard of the small but territorially and politically powerful group of Whigs that was to break away from the Liberals in 1886, and soon thereafter to become indistinguishably merged in the Conservatives and in the governing class of the Conservative party, had moved away from the Liberals before the conflict with the House of Lords over the franchise bills of 1884. But during this conflict the Whigs were still all-powerful in the Liberal cabinet. Gladstone threatened the Lords then, as he did again in 1893, after their rejection of the second Home Rule Bill, but not the least harm could come to the House of Lords while the Whigs controlled the cabinet.

Notwithstanding the many popular demonstrations of 1884 at which Bright and Morley and Chamberlain and Dilke denounced the Lords as they had never before been denounced by statesmen of the rank of these four men—notwithstanding the vehemence with which these leaders insisted on mending or ending, and the popular support to the movement led by them, nothing prejudicial to the House of Lords happened in 1884. While these more radical and democratic leaders of the Liberal party were traveling from end to end of the country on this four months' campaign against the House of Lords, and keeping the rank and file of Liberals in the constituencies at white heat, much was happening quite below the surface. Much was happening that has not yet gone into the general histories—that can be traced only from the memoirs of the men who effected the settlement of 1884. The memoirs published up to 1911 show that while Bright and Morley and Chamberlain and Dilke were conducting a propaganda against the Lords without precedent in its extent, and in the success that was seemingly attending it, Gladstone, Hartington, and Granville were taking counsel and afternoon tea with Salisbury, Stafford Northcote, and Gathorne Hardy. Gladstone was meeting Northcote by night at the rooms in St. James's Palace of one of Gladstone's former private secretaries, who held a court appointment, because, as recorded in the *Life, Letters, and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote,* Gladstone "was nervous about meeting in the daytime, as so many people watch."

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It may be that at this time Gladstone was ready to make any sacrifice to insure the enactment of the bill extending the franchise, which the Lords had rejected at the end of June—the rejection which had brought about the crisis—and that he was unwilling that mending or ending the House of Lords should be permitted to complicate the issue of the franchise and redistribution bills. This is a possible explanation of Gladstone's action. But the result was that the Lords came out of the crisis with colors flying; and these colors might be flying to-day where they were hoisted in 1884 if the Lords had not openly overplayed the game from 1906 to 1909, and so wantonly and egregiously overplayed the game of the territorial class on the Budget of 1909. "The tenderness of the statesmen of that day," said *The Nation,* the leading exponent of Liberalism in the London press, in surveying on August 12th the factors in the downfall of the Lords, "was largely responsible for much of the trouble of the ensuing years." This is undoubtedly true, although tenderness to the Lords was just what was to be expected from the Whigs of the Liberal cabinet of 1880-85.

After the collapse of the agitation of July-October, 1884, the popular idea was that there was an understanding between the governing classes of both political parties, and that as long as this understanding existed, and their remained a potent element of Whiggism in Liberal cabinets, agitations against the Lords were futile, no matter what the issue or how great and continuous the popular demonstrations. This conviction among the rank and file of the Liberals partly accounts for the utter failure of the movement against the House of Lords that was attempted by the National Liberal Federation after the Lords had rejected the Home Rule Bill of 1893. It accounts almost completely for the absence of popular agitation against the House of Lords from 1893 to 1906. The failure of the agitations of 1884 and 1893 apparently convinced the House of Lords—more overwhelmingly Conservative from 1886 to 1906 than at any time since 1832—that do what they might, no popular enthusiasm could be aroused for a second movement for mending or ending, and this attitude was much strengthened during the five years of Tory reaction from 1900 to the end of 1905, five years during which the Lords took their ease, and left everything to the Conservative governments of that period, which were supported by majorities in the House

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of Commons unprecedented since the days of the younger Pitt.

If the victory of 1884 was responsible, or even partly responsible, for the aggressive attitude of the House of Lords after the great revival of democracy of 1906, then the tenderness of Gladstone and Hartington and Granville for the Lords at the great crisis over the franchise bill was undoubtedly " responsible for much of the trouble of the ensuing years "—responsible for the trouble which culminated in the partial deprivation of the Lords of their veto power over bills originating in the House of Commons. This attitude of the House of Lords, whether it developed out of the failure of the agitations of 1884 and 1893, or whether it is attributable to other and more recent causes, unquestionably helps to account for the colossal blunder of November, 1909—the most suicidal demonstration of reaction and Bourbonism of which the history of the House of Lords affords an example.

It is at this point where the histories of the crises of 1830-32 and of 1909-11 cease to run on parallel lines. The House of Lords in 1832 was on the defensive. It was defending the political power possessed by the governing class from 1688 to the reform of the representative system in 1832. From causes that are obvious the governing class in this period was in complete and absolute control of the House of Commons, as well as of the House of Lords. It was so completely in control of the Commons that after the constitutional usages relative to the power of each House over money bills had been settled beyond further contention in 1747, on the legislation for Scotland made necessary by the Jacobite rising of 1745, and the settlement had been recognized by the cabinet of the day, of which three-fourths of the members were of the House of Lords, there were no more conflicts between the two Houses until that of 1832. There was no occasion for any, for in this period the governing class controlled both the cabinet, where legislation mostly originated, and the House of Commons. Under these conditions the House of Lords was not even a revising chamber, to say nothing of being of service for the rejection of bills detrimental to the interests of the governing class.

For good or ill, the governing class was in control of the House of Commons from the Revolution of 1688 until this domination was to a limited extent successfully assailed by

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the first Reform Act. It needed this power to secure control of the cabinet, and also to obtain the enactment of legislation for the maintenance and advancement of the political, economic, and social interests of the governing class. In this century and a half the governing class came to regard the power it had drawn to itself of nominating more than half the members of the House of Commons as a property right—a right to be held as tenaciously as the title deeds to the great estates of its members. The governing class regarded the government it bestowed on the country, through its control of the cabinet and Parliament, as the best possible kind of government, exercised through the best possible political institutions. Wellington's first declaration in the struggle of 1830-32 for reform was that it would pass the wit of man to devise a better House of Commons than that elected on the then existing system—the system which had been completely warped away from its democratic basis of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, first in the interest of the Crown and its control of the House of Commons, and later in that of the governing class.

From the point of view of the governing class all that Wellington claimed for the House of Commons of 1830 was obviously and undeniably true. From this one point of view —as the political, agrarian, economic, industrial, fiscal, ecclesiastical, and social history of England from the reign of William III. to that of Queen Victoria abundantly proves —there was more than adequate ground for the Duke of Wellington's now historic declaration. The governing class, as it was represented in the House of Lords at that period, was thus in 1830-32 fighting, and fighting desperately, for the maintenance of a great political system that had been incorporated in the British constitution at least since 1688. The Tories of the House of Lords of 1830-32 were fighting for a system of much antiquity and of much service to the governing class—a system which this class held to be peculiarly and happily adapted to England, and, next to the Crown, the most precious part of the British constitution. The Lords, in that great crisis, went to defeat in their opposition to a political revolution which within the next eighty years was to prove itself even more momentous than the settlement of the Crown on a constitutional basis in 1688.

The House of Lords in 1910, when the Budget of 1909 was carried, and in 1911, when the Veto Bill was enacted, went

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down to defeat on what in this country would be dignified by no more high-sounding description than a tax-dodgers' fight. More discussion of the constitutional aspects of these two questions—the budget and the veto—has appeared in print since November, 1909, than of any other constitutional issues raised in England in the last two hundred years. All this discussion, however, will not serve to disguise the central fact, which is, that had there been no rejection of the Budget the probability is that in this generation there would have been no Veto Act. The chief issue had no higher actuating force than a tax-dodgers' fight. There have been four of these tax-dodgers' fights in Parliament since the French Revolution. In only one was the governing class completely successful. It was worsted in three of them; and in the fourth and last the governing class was not only routed on the question of taxation, but lost much of the power which for a hundred and fifty years it had been accumulating in the House of Lords.

The first of these Parliamentary struggles of the governing class against the taxation of land was in 1796. Then Pitt, sore in need of money for the war with France—confronted with the raising of twenty-seven millions sterling by taxation—proposed that there should be taxes on collateral successions to landed property. The legacy duty—first imposed to raise money for the war with the revolted American colonies—had been in operation since 1780; but it was paid only on personal and not on real property. Pitt's proposal of 1796 was that there should be a tax only on collateral successions. The proposal, small as it was, and exigent as were the financial needs of the government, would for the first time have conceded the principle that all property—real as well as personal—should pay legacy duties. It was opposed by the governing class. Pitt followed the line of least resistance, as was inevitable in the case of a premier who depended on the governing class for his majority in the House of Commons. He abandoned the proposed tax; and to make good the gap in his estimates raised £100,000 by a new duty on hats, £40,000 by a tax on dogs, and imposed new taxes on transport.

There were increases in the rates of legacy duty in 1804, 1805, and again in 1815. But real property was not made liable to these imposts; and it did not become chargeable until Gladstone's great Budget of 1853, by which he re-estab-

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lished the income tax, and brought into service the principle as to legacy duties that Pitt had unsuccessfully urged in 1796. The governing class opposed Gladstone in 1853 with nearly as much vehemence as it opposed the Budget of 1909. It denounced Gladstone much as it did Lloyd George; and Morley writes that this Budget of 1853 secured for Gladstone "the lasting resentment of a powerful class." Harcourt's Budget—the Finance Act of 1894—carried the principle of the taxation of landed property much further than Gladstone had done; and again there was bitter and persistent opposition by the governing class.

Conditions for successful opposition to the Budget of 1909 seemed to the Lords more favorable than in either 1853 or 1894. Hence a constitutional power of the House of Lords, in desuetude since at least as far back as 1661, and long deemed as dead as the sovereign's veto on legislation, was revived, and the Budget was rejected. Thus was precipitated a conflict impending since 1832. The rejection of the Budget in itself raised no new constitutional issue. It raised no such issue as that of 1832. It was only a renewal of the fight of the governing class against the taxation of landed property, successful in 1796 and unsuccessful in 1853 and 1894. On that issue, and the much more important and really constitutional issue of the veto power of the House of Lords precipitated by it, there was from the first no hope of success for the governing class. If the Lords had left to the democracy the choice of the ground on which they would fight, they could not have chosen better than the Lords chose for them. It is hard to raise popular sympathy for tax-dodgers. It was a sordid issue on which the Lords unexpectedly and wantonly revived the movement of 1884. There could be no dignity in a struggle forced on the people on an issue so based—in a struggle begun by the Lords to maintain what was left of the old doctrine of the governing class, that its existence was so vitally important to the British nation that the people should make continuous sacrifices for its maintenance and aggrandizement. The Crown in the great crisis of 1911 emerged with infinitely more credit than in 1832, the Lords with infinitely less.

During the long-drawn-out crises of 1909-11, and since the Veto Bill received the Royal Assent, somber doleful, and despairing have been many predictions of the future of the House of Lords. English Toryism, however, as the

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records of 1829, 1832, 1846, 1867, 1868, and 1884 testify, is apt at times to be amazingly gloomy and pessimistic. The end of the British Empire is always in sight after a Conservative reverse; and single-chamber rule must inevitably, according to these predictions, bring the British Empire to ruin. Students of British constitutional history familiar with the structure, constitution, procedure, and legislation of the Parliament of Scotland, and with Alison's well-grounded encomium on the great contribution of that remarkable Parliament to the civilization of Scotland when it came into the Union in 1707, are not much afraid of single-chamber legislatures. But the Veto Act does not establish single-chamber rule, or anything approximating to single-chamber rule, at Westminster. There is no ground for the apprehension that the House of Lords will sink into a chamber like the House of Lords in the old Parliament of Ireland, or like the Senate at Ottawa. Power of delay for two sessions in a country where the people are so politically well educated, so politically alert, and on whom party ties are so little binding, is an enormous power.

It is a power that will give a new importance to the House of Lords, and furnish an infinitely larger field of political service for its men of ability and distinction. In my days in the press gallery of the House of Commons it was rarely that more than one member of a reporting corps was told off for duty in the House of Lords, and only about one-fourth as much space in the newspapers was assigned to the Lords as was assigned to the House of Commons. Reporting the Lords was what college boys would describe as a snap. All this will be changed. The Lords will be compelled to find within their chamber a place from which the reporters can hear all that is said. More reporters will be assigned to the Lords, more space be given the Lords in the daily newspapers, because under the new conditions the country will want to know just what is said and done in the Lords on a bill over which the suspensory veto is to be exercised.

Since the printers won in their famous contest with the House of Commons in 1771, and especially since Parliamentary reporting was so finely developed by James Perry, of the old Whig *Morning Chronicle,* in the last twenty years of the eighteenth century, the House of Commons has had an enormously preponderating weight in the forming of public opinion. Henceforward under conditions that must develop

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from the working of the Veto act of 1911, the supremacy of the Commons in this important function will be assailed as never before by the Lords; for a new importance must attach, not only to the speeches in the House of Lords on all bills over which the suspensory veto may possibly be exercised, but to the utterances of members of the House of Lords outside of St. Stephen's. While the backwoods peers will, in future, be of less political importance than heretofore, in and out of Parliament—at Westminster and on the platform in the country—there are now offering new and continuous opportunities for the leaders in the House of Lords; in fact, for all those members of the Lords who take their political duties with seriousness, and are disposed to throw themselves as fully into the political life of the country as do the members of the House of Commons who make politics and public life their career.

EDWARD PORRITT.

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WHAT OF THE INDIVIDUAL?

BY SAMUEL P. ORTH

I

As I was crossing an open square on my way home from my office some time since, I was attracted to the fringe of a crowd that clustered around an open-air orator expounding his political faith and his social philosophy. It was at a time of tense political excitement, for the city was in the throes of a municipal campaign in which the chief issue was the granting of street railway franchises and, indirectly, the question of municipal ownership.

The man on the box was saying:

"No, sir, gentlemen, I don't believe in letting any private company build street railways. Build 'em yourselves. The streets are yours. Make the robber-barons on the Avenue give you the money to build these lines. Then you can ride on them for nothing.

"I don't believe in court-houses, either. They are only built for lawyers and millionaires. We are spending three million dollars for a new court-house. I would take that money and buy a big farm, so big that all the poor people of this city could move out on it and work there. Then I'd see that they got good wages and worked only eight hours a day. All the products they raised on that farm which they did not need themselves I'd bring to town. And here would I sell them? Not on your life. I'd give them away free to the working-men. Then the prices of potatoes and meat would go down in a hurry."

In this strain the harangue continued, unfolding a new Utopia. It was a significant sight. Here was the crudely fluent, well-voiced orator, the electric lights revealing a face that has seen many privations and that was not a stranger to thought; here he was, surrounded by a throng of well-behaved, earnest listeners, men with dinner-pails on their arms, men in overalls and jumpers, with the honest grime of shop and factory on their hands and faces. They nodded assent or cheered heartily at the radical sentiments of the socialistic candidate. It was no joke, no play-house act. It was the real blood-and-bone, imported, fascinating "social-

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ism" that was gripping these workmen and holding them here in the gathering dusk at the close of their day's toil.

My mind went back to my first socialist. Like all the children in our neighborhood, I had been brought up to believe that anarchists and socialists were horned and hoofed. And how surprised I was when, as a student in college, I saw my first socialist! He was a mild-mannered machinist from Chicago, and had come to our quiet college town, not to create a sensation, but to give his point of view of social progress to the economists and social workers who had gathered from many States for a conference. I now recall only one of his remarks. He said, alluding to the comfortable and easy life of college professors, clergymen, and lawyers that he had to work every day in grime and sweat. "And I have only one suit of clothes, the one you see on me, and only one pair of shoes which I must wear every day." I remember thinking that there were a number of us in the room who could qualify for membership in his class.

That was barely fifteen years ago. Then "socialism" was novel in many of our towns, to-day it is universal; then a "socialist" was a curiosity, to-day he is legion, publishing daily papers, organizing political parties, and supporting an active, virile propaganda.

The philosophy of the communist, long despised as heterodox, is not only expounded by the despairing workman groping for a new arrangement of wealth; it has entered the halls of legislation, it has been written into statutes, it has, in dignified contrast to its noisy demeanor in the streets, enthroned itself in the chair of the college professor, robed itself in the gown of the clergy, and is holding receptions in the salons of the most exclusive regions of fashion.

Why? These crowds are seeking a form of group salvation. They are being forced by the stress of city life, by our intense economic forces, into a new attitude of thought and seem willing even to subordinate their individual identity for the good of the whole. The philosophy of the group is so pleasant to contemplate, the theories of group omnipotence are so unctuous, so subtle, they steal into the mind without jar or noise. And they seem to point the way out of individual stress into a blissful all-embracing Nirvana.

And so this propaganda has a real hold on us. It has assumed the shape of municipal ownership, of governmental paternalism, and even of the confiscation of private property.

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So that our modern State, bending to the force of this popular movement, is not only soldier, policeman, and judge, but has assumed a marvelous and precocious versatility and is physician, dentist, schoolmaster, bookkeeper, rate-maker, business umpire, chemist, forester, and everything else that a complex and petulant society with a great diversity of wants, foolish and sane, demands.

And it may not be many years before the wild dream of my street orator will come true, and the State will care for us all, nursing us in indolence on the other man's contribution to society!

What is back of this restlessness of the mass, this group commotion? Another group force, the corporation. In economic organization this is the heyday of the corporation. When John Marshall breathed life into that impersonal, artificial creation, the modern trading corporation, wealth was still individual. Since that day invention and science have enabled man to exploit nature, and to-day, although wealth has increased a thousandfold, this wealth is not individual, it is corporate. The group has crowded out the individual.

In its relentless pursuit after dividends the corporation is oblivious to humane obligations. It is a money-making machine operated by pulleys and levers and wheels that are insensible to nerves and human passions. It is the greatest invention of our crafty, thrifty genius, the master contrivance of our mania for money-getting.

Against the corporation the individual has no chance. And so he turns to the group control of his government, therewith to control the factors of production. He simply substitutes *his* group for the group of the capitalist.

In our efforts to remedy the ills of competition and combination, we are assuming the heroic treatment of a national homeopathy; group crushes group.

This colossal movement is the readjustment of life to the changes wrought by Watt and Arkwright and their colaborers when they ushered in the Machine Age. The industrial revolution has made as much difference between the economic society of to-day and that of 1750, as the Appalachian revolution made between the North America of Paleozoic and Mesozoic times. And as our continent was many ages in settling itself to the conditions made by that vast continental uplift, so we are now, after many generations and after having somewhat adjusted ourselves to the

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physical demands of machinery, earnestly settling down to an adjustment of thought, of philosophy, and of politics that fits into the new conditions made by steam and electricity and their allies. We are getting over the grosser effects of the shock and are discovering a rearrangement of sentiment and of social obligation. And in this readjustment, where does the individual come in? Is he to be obliterated? Every member of society is at heart an individualist. In spite of the social instincts, every one thinks of himself as a unit. Against the degradation of the unit every soul raises a vehement and natural protest. In this readjustment of society is there danger that between the upper and nether millstones of corporate organization and the socializing State the individual will be ground into the common mass, like grains of wheat pulverized into the shapeless flour?

In this new society what will be the status of the individual? For, after all, that is the important question. By that strange balance Nature has drawn in all her works, we all are at heart at the same time "socialists" and "monopolists." We are "communists" because the species needs to be perpetuated; we are "monopolists" because the instinct of self-preservation is the basis of the species' hope. This delicate blending of altruism and selfism within every normal human heart is the regulator of civilization.

As he views the world, "Everything from without tells the individual that he is nothing, everything from within tells him that he is everything." From without he sees the relentless processes of Nature, the prodigality of life, the universality of death. He sees Nature so wasteful yet so utilitarian, her spaces so endless, her time so measureless, her heavens so changeless, that the little insect man and his puny centuries are nothing. He realizes that extermination follows in the wake of progress, and he shudders, for "everything from without tells the individual that he is nothing." It drives him with fear and trembling into the arms of the horde for protection, for group defense against extermination.

But "everything from within tells him that he is everything." The hope for individual existence is deep-rooted. It is from within the sanctuary of self-consciousness, from "the likest good within the soul," that man's profoundest conviction for individual progression comes. It is this "larger hope" that makes us dread the invasion of our in-

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dividual life by the horde. Our desires, passions, ambitions are individual; our faith, our joys, our hopes are personal, however much they may be spent on others.

The normal human being feels that if these profound emotions and convictions are not true, then is the world but a phantom ship, all time a mockery, all space a delusion, all the stately procession of life from the Archean to the present a line of ghosts, and all history the sporting of ghouls. Every normal human being believes absolutely in his individual identity and is eager to punish any encroachment upon it.

Thus he is a "monopolist" seeking his own individual good. The horde becomes a menace to his self-realization. His business, his ambition, is his own affair and no one's else, because his personality is his own for him to defend and to develop. This dual nature of man must always be recognized, and the problem is not the supremacy of one instinct over the other, but the natural co-ordination between the two.

A civilization to survive the stress of time must create individuals. Because the individual has supplied the elements of civilization, science, philosophy, religion, art and literature, invention, exchange, government: that is, market, school, temple, and home. You cannot create an enduring civilization without all of these elements. And all are primarily dependent upon individual effort. Their perfection may be hastened or retarded by the attitude of society, but society cannot create them.

The fountain of life's fine things is personality. A mob never invented a machine, or framed a wholesome statute, or penned a poem, or shaped a cathedral, or discovered a law of nature. Civilization reposes on the efforts of individuals. History proclaims that "individuality is everywhere to be spared as the root of everything good."

And Nature's way of making culture out of crudity has been *via* the individual through struggle and the survival of the fittest. If we believe in progress, then man should be today a better animal, a better thinker, a better individual than ever.

Of course every age must be judged by its dominant ideals. Our ideals are not physical, yet physically our race is not degenerate. The modern athlete compares favorably with the knight of medieval times and the contestant in the ancient

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Olympic games. In their requirements of skill, endurance, and agility our athletic games are as severe as any in the past. Modern armies compare favorably with ancient armies in their power of endurance. They carry as heavy accouterments, march as long distances, live on as little food and sleep, and fight as bravely as any in history.

Nor is life any briefer than in former generations. Mythological Methuselahs are exploited even now in the daily press. The vital organs of every species of mammals have an average period of vitality. External conditions change them less than do habits of living. There has been a constant increase of the population of the world. Where families are smaller than formerly, their members are better cared for, and the death rate is very much lower. Even our uses of natural forces have made no puny race of man. We can build greater pyramids than the Pharaohs without muscle enginery and still be the physical superiors of those who dwelt in an age of physical prowess.

In mental progress the method by observation has supplanted the method by speculation, and alert science has taken its place by the side of contemplative philosophy. As a test of mental virility the method of science is not inferior to the method of philosophy, while at the same time it is a far more useful type of mentalization. And whatever else be said of modern man's power of thought, it is true that to-day all knowledge is more generally diffused among the individuals of the race than in any former age. Go where you will, you cannot escape libraries, lectures, and laboratories. And, of course, in inventiveness, in the uniting of mental alertness with manual adeptness, modern man is pre-eminent. For this is the machine age, and the trademark of business is on our brow.

This zeal to make all knowledge practical and universal has invaded the subtle realm of conscience. Modern man is a fanatic about "practical idealism." He is as ardent in his morality as he is in his mentality. This is the meaning of our hospitals, organized charities, penal reforms, international arbitrations, humane societies, and all the thousand other plans devised for proving the increased humanity of man.

So it is reasonable to believe that the species to-day is better off than ever before. Why? Because the fittest has survived the struggle of the years. The fittest horde? No, the fittest individual.

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For it is a postulate of the law of survival that a species is developed by emphasizing and perfecting more and more its peculiar specific characteristics. The distinguishing characteristic of the human species is the possession of that subtle, strange, and exquisite combination of potencies which is best known as the personality. Our species is distinguished only by the possession of a singular power, a soul power, that makes *anthropos* different from the anthropoid. It is in the development of the personality, of the human idiosyncrasies of our species, that civilization has reached its present state. And the personality is purely individual in its content. In its virtues do we find the talents that have led society into culture, and in its vices the sin that held it back. The human struggle for culture ceases to be a group struggle. It is a struggle of personalities. From the day of the first rude cave Adam to the present, human evolution has been the development of personality. Civilization is merely the combined culture of the individuals that compose it. Human selection is individual.

Through the law of the survival of the clever, the nimble, the alert, the useful, the good, Nature has brought mankind to the portals of a genuine culture.

II

And now comes the stress of a stormy, intense life that, through the use of natural forces, has made the world small and given us an age of miracles whose daily surprises fail to astonish our jaded nerves. With this wonderful materialization, this bringing of comfort, even luxury, to the humble and of fabulous power to the great, has come an astonishing awakening. Have we helped outdo Nature's emphasis on the survival of the clever by artificial means? Has the beneficence of competition been blighted by human favoritism until its enthroned commercialism is demanding a universal blood tax of the less favored? Has *laissez faire,* long worshiped as the fetish of progress, through overindulgence crowded out self-effort and compelled us to call for State effort as a substitute?

Never before in history were ill-disposed and capable individuals so fortified. The potencies of earth and air and of legislatures at their command, they have succeeded in making money the measure of power, the social standard, and the universal desideratum.

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The enginery of this power is the corporation, the little groups of favored ones, of cunning, of daring, of ambitious, of talented ones, matching themselves against one another and against the great group of consumers, of toilers, of dreamers, of the unfavored, of the timid, and the mediocre. Everywhere one turns there is the corporation. The college graduate and the illiterate youth alike strike their heads against this corporate wall as soon as they go out to make a living. The factors of production and distribution have been incorporated. The consumer remains without a charter. The corporation takes the child at its birth, haunts it through life, and at death lays it in a trust-made coffin reposing in a union-made grave. Food, clothing, and shelter, bread and bananas, wool and cotton, lumber and iron, oil and coal, even violets and dramas, are regulated by charters or "gentlemen's agreements."

From this greedy selfishness of a few groups of dominant individuals the mass of men rebel. They believe that the inequalities of life are growing more acute instead of being ameliorated. That every city abounds in individuals with honest purpose, chaste tastes, intellectual ambitions, struggling frantically to make a living, leaving their love of art, learning, travel, and leisure to starve in the deserts of dry commercialism. That multitudes in this revelry of wealth have to content themselves with mere existence. That while the standard of living is rising rapidly, the vast majority of mankind are barely able to keep their eyes and nose above the lifting tide, glad to get a gasp of air and keep the floods from washing them to destruction. All this in spite of earnest individual endeavor, of good ideals, of toil and constant hope.

And so men become "radicals," "insurgents," "socialists," "communists," "hordeists," anything to satisfy their sense of fair play and to help them get even with the man, or group of men, whom they imagine have despoiled them their share. For this is an intensely personal thing, this propaganda for the conservation of Nature's riches for the good of all. Hunger is universal, and food prices are more potent arguments than the postulates of ancient creeds.

The problem is here. It cannot be laughed away, nor can it be legislated away. Whatever lurid form it may take in the imagination of the agitator, to the statesman the problem is this: how far shall the State encroach upon the time-

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honored fields that have been left to private endeavor? How much shall individualism yield in this newer co-operation between the group and the unit? It is apparent that individualism must yield its self-centered dominance. The diversified talents of the individuals must be socialized, but not suppressed.

But no amount of surrender will solve the problem. The individual may give up his scepter and the horde may yield its rebellious spirit, but that will not meet the demands of natural justice. The delicate balance of Nature must be maintained, the beautiful adjustment between unit and group.

This balance can be maintained only by natural means. The social machinery that keeps going only by constant tinkering will soon reach the junk-heap. While seeking to protect the mass, the State must leave open the avenues to individual usefulness. Otherwise the remedy will be worse than the disease. And this securing of proper individual recognition is made possible by the help of Nature. Nature has seen to it that a well-organized society is provided with all the necessary conditions for both individual development and wholesome co-operation.

In the realm of government we have long recognized this interrelationship between group and unit. The theory of government, while moving rapidly away from the individualistic status of kingship into the freer notions of rampant democracy, has devoted its machinery and power to the freeing of individuals. In dethroning a king it liberates a multitude. The ancient theory that the individual exists for the State has been reversed; the State now exists for the individual. A careful scrutiny of the work of our government discloses the fact that it is busy principally in doing things for the sake of individuals. The common welfare is encased in the welfare of the unit. Here is recognized practically and with great potency the philosophy of the unity between the welfare of each and of all.

The theory of democracy itself is a practical recognition of this balance of duties, the duties of all toward each and of each toward all. Representative government is a fine demonstration of the success of the proper blending of individualism and communism. Through self-control, the obedience of the minority to the will of the majority, and the respect of the majority for the minority, we have fairly

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well worked out this vital interrelation in the realm of politics. There are frequent outbursts of mob anarchy and continued examples of boss, or individual, tyranny, yet, on the whole, the theory of the governmental and legal relations of the individual to the mass and the mass to the individual has been established. And as we become excellent in the fine art of self-control the theory will have unmolested sway.

In the economic realm the practical working out of this dualism will be much more difficult. Because it embraces our daily bread-winning, it touches the institution of private property and encroaches upon the regnant greed, the ruling passion for getting.

But even in economics the outlook is not hopeless. The physical needs of all are so closely intertwined that the natural dominance of the few must be tempered by the demands of the many.

Take, for instance, the development of machine industry. Our very inventiveness that forms the predominant factor in our industrial life emphasizes the individual. For it tends to a minute division of labor and to a degree of specialization that is almost absurd. Every profession is subdivided into many specialists, and every business and every manufacture has its thousand channels for special skill. And this becomes the individual's salvation. For the greater the degree of civilization the greater diversity of talent needed to supply its wants, and of the diversity of talent there is no end. When there are only a few activities in which a man can earn a living, then every man must work according to his need. But when activities are multiplied, when every business needs a hundred experts and every branch of learning a score of specialists, when human wants are so varied that every clime is levied upon to provide for them and the ingenuity of man is taxed to satisfy them, then every man may work according to his aptitudes. This makes the difference between drudgery and creation, between sullen and morose acquiescence to cruel conditions and jubilant, radiant, participation in social progress.

This specialization is undoubtedly going to be carried to a far greater degree than at present. For it increases in a direct ratio as we learn to use nature. Every new discovery or invention makes a new specialist necessary, and calls forth the latent talents of a new group of fortunate individuals.

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The very machinery, the engines and power-looms and traveling-cranes and automatic presses, that have driven us to endure the despotism of a few vicious individuals thus become a means of insuring a beneficent and happy diversity of talents.

The individualist and the communist can have no quarrel over the basic necessities. Nature has seen to that. Every one needs everybody, though he may not want everybody. But how to harness the potencies of every one for the benefit of himself and of everybody is a question of procedure that will be worked out only after much debating and experimenting, legislating and court decisions. But an equitable method of procedure will be found. The balance will be maintained, for that is Nature's rule.

The State, for instance, can help a long way toward the working out of this problem of co-operation of unit and group, this development of efficient and right-minded individuals, by a proper use of the functions and machinery of public education.

We are deplorably primitive in the results of our public education. The age of the cloisters, of self-righteous aloofness, is preserved within the four walls of the school-house without the fine flavor of sacrifice and of genuine learning. That the world has moved on, that the industrial age has succeeded the age of guilds, that continents have been discovered and a new impetus given to all life, seems somehow to have escaped the somnolent pedagogue. His little book-learning is still the measure of the school's merit. The threadbare generalization that education should lay the foundation for useful citizenship has become an excuse for slipshop generalized work conducted by inadequately prepared teachers, mostly women, without any regard for the needs of society or the aptitudes of the pupil.

Our schools are not training individuals. They treat the unfortunate pupils in the mass, as a dyer treats his cambric by the vatful. Society needs the power of the child, and there are almost as many kinds of power as there are children. But these powers are latent and need to be aroused by the magic of personality. We now leave their discovery to haphazard after the child has left the general school-room.

An earnest start has been made by sincere citizens to compel educators to use the great possibilities of the public schools for the training of useful individuals. A few voca-

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tional and special schools have been opened. Some of the States, a few of the cities, have studied the problem of individualized education. By-and-by the State will awaken to the possibilities of training its children into diversified and honorable usefulness. Then a perennial supply of socialized useful individuals will be coming from the re-created public schools.

So every function of society, governmental, social, religious, and economic will ultimately bring its influence to the adjustment of the balance between the individual and the group. It can be no artificial adjustment, it must be a natural co-operation. Society must not be robbed of the incentive to individual effort and reduced to a common and degrading monotony, a listless indolence fed by the State. Nor can it remain the prey of plutocratic greed. People are not to be plundered, nor are they to be plunderers, but to be co-workers.

SAMUEL P. ORTH.

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INDUSTRIAL DISEASES

BY PAUL S. PEIRCE

INDUSTRIAL diseases have been defined as "morbid results of occupational activity traceable to specific causes or labor conditions, and followed by more or less extended incapacity for work." They are, of course, by no means a modern phenomenon; of the processes known to us, some of the most injurious are extremely ancient. But scientific and popular attention to such maladies with a view to minimizing or eliminating them is decidedly modern. Professor Ramazzini, of Padua, and some of his seventeenth-century contemporaries raised prophetic voices; but genuine medical interest in industrial diseases can hardly be said to antedate the nineteenth century in Europe, and in this country one of the earliest contributions to the subject appeared in 1879. Anything like general popular or scientific interest in the matter here is largely the growth of the past decade. That that growth has been increasingly rapid there is no room to doubt. The American Association for Labor Legislation specialized on the subject at its last annual meeting; a National Conference on Industrial Diseases has been held in Chicago; an Illinois State special Commission on Occupational Diseases appointed by Governor Deneen recently submitted its report—a unique document in this field of State investigation; the United States Bureau of Labor has issued several valuable monographs on various phases of the subject; in fact, the literature of the subject is bulking fast; and a committee of experts recently memorialized President Taft, urging the necessity of Federal action. But despite all this progress, we still must go to Europe for comprehensive data, for most modern treatises on industrial hygiene, for models of legislative measures of amelioration.

This awakening in Europe and America to the urgency

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of the problem of industrial diseases is to be ascribed to a variety of causes. In some measure to changes in the methods and organization of modern industry; to the added physical strain which comes with concentration, specialization, and growth. Still more to a larger knowledge of the causes and treatment of disease, it is a chapter in preventive medicine. And quite as much, to a truer appreciation and appraisal of economic and social values, it is a chapter in the conservation of human resources. But not least of all, to a growing sense of social responsibility for much of human suffering and for the human costs of modern industry, it is, in one aspect, a chapter in the general health movement of our time, and next of kin to the crusade against tuberculosis, infant mortality, hook-worm, and typhoid, and the campaign for a national health department. In another aspect, it is part and parcel of the movement for labor legislation, being intermingled with the programme of child-labor reform, factory legislation, and factory inspection, and standing as the counterpart of measures for the compensation of industrial accidents. And, like all these projects, it reflects an enlarged conception not only of the social function of the physician, but of the protective function of the government itself.

The classification of industrial diseases is not a perfectly simple matter, for the boundaries of the field are at some points indistinct, the number of maladies clearly falling within the field is very great, and the possible bases of classification numerous and clashing. Let us adopt causal conditions as a basis, and in turn take up and illustrate a number of causal groups.

It has long been recognized that exposure to extremes of heat or cold or to sudden changes of temperature predisposes to certain diseases; perhaps equally serious in its consequences is extreme humidity, and doubly menacing are conditions which combine both evils. From the many occupations which involve exposure to such adverse atmospheric conditions we may select three as typical—glass-blowing, cotton spinning and weaving, and pork trimming in packing-houses. For many years glass factories were so poorly constructed as to afford little protection to workmen, who were chilled on one side by icy blasts of winter and scorched on the other by glaring furnaces. Blowers whose bodies were bathed in perspiration stood with cold feet on the bare ground, which was sodden with water splashed thereon when

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the pipes were being cooled. In later years construction of factories has been much more satisfactory, and liability to disease has been lessened accordingly. But a new menace has come through the substitution of the " continuous tank furnace " for the old " pot furnace "; this is much larger, and so subjects the worker to greater heat, and it is operated night and day, and the alternation of day and night work reduces the worker's power to resist disease. When to these conditions are added the negligence and lack of precautions of the glass-blowers themselves upon going from a working temperature of 100 degrees to 130 degrees out into the winter's zero atmosphere, it is little wonder that pneumonia, inflammation of lungs and throat, bronchitis, and *la grippe* make up the overwhelming majority of the ills of glass-workers. And to these are to be added an inflammation of the eyes, which leads to progressive dimness of sight, and which is traceable to exposure to the heat and glare of the furnace.

One of the most serious problems in the spinning and weaving departments of a cotton factory is the preservation of the proper relative proportions of heat and humidity. As cotton fibers when too dry are brittle and do not " run " well, artificial humidity is necessary. The finer grades, which require more heat and moisture than the coarser grades, must be drawn, spun, and woven in exceedingly warm and humid atmosphere. At what point abnormal moisture becomes a menace to the worker is an unsettled question. It is believed that much of the danger comes from sudden transition to the normal outer air, and thence perhaps to the still drier atmosphere of the sleeping-quarters, and that these changes make the workers especially susceptible to pulmonary, bronchial, and catarrhal affections. At any rate, it is significant that Massachusetts has enacted that the humidity in such departments shall be determined, recorded, and regulated, and that it shall not exceed certain statutory limits.

As involving exposure to moisture and extreme cold may be cited the trimming-rooms of packing establishments, where, in the words of Miss McDowell,

> " The walls are running with cold sweat and the floor is covered with water, where the temperature is thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, colder than an ice-box, and where girls who trim the pork for the sausage must work ten hours a day."

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Certain occupations associated with loud noises produce permanent injury to the ear. These are chiefly those of locomotive firemen and engineers, boiler-makers, bridge-builders, ship-builders, and other structural iron and steel workers, artillerymen, and weavers. Boys frequently lose their hearing while they are yet apprentices to boiler-makers and riveters; and the extent of impairment of hearing in these various trades is surprisingly great. Such deafness constitutes a serious handicap for engineers and firemen, and a great inconvenience, if a less serious handicap, to other workers.

Caisson disease is the most notable example of diseases of occupations involving abnormal air pressure. It occurs in such occupations as diving, tunnel and bridge construction, and occasionally the erection of buildings. Men who dig deep into the bed of a river or bay to build supports for bridges do their work in iron cylinders, or caissons, into which compressed air is forced in sufficient volume to prevent caving while the work of construction is in progress, and to keep the water from running in at the bottom while dirt is dug up and carried to the top. This means an increase of atmospheric pressure from the normal fifteen pounds to two or three times that amount. The mere compression does not usually have serious effects upon the normal individual; indeed, it seems to bring a feeling of exhilaration. Like some of the rest of us, the "sand hog," as the caisson-worker is called, works best under pressure. But decompression, or return to normal pressure, is far more important. Almost all cases of disease originate in too rapid reduction of pressure, and symptoms develop after normal pressure is reached. The most common phenomena are severe pains in the limbs, called the "bends"; vertigo, known as the "staggers"; and more rarely dyspnea, or the "chokes," which may be accompanied by rushing of blood from eyes, ears, and nose; sometimes paralysis of lower limbs and other serious nervous disturbances which may prove permanent. Before modern precautions became general, death after emergence from caissons was a frequent occurrence. When the Eads Bridge was built at St. Louis 600 men were employed in sinking foundations, and of these 110 suffered from this disease, and 14 died. As to the prevalence of the disease to-day, no statistics are available; but the Illinois Commission traced nearly 150 cases known to

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have occurred in that State within the last twenty years, some of which resulted in complete recovery and others in permanent disability.

Authorities are agreed as to certain precautions necessary to minimize the dangers from compressed-air work. Among them are medical inspection to determine the physical fitness of men for this hazard; regulation of the length of shift and of the time for decompression; keeping the air warm in the lock during decompression; a warm place for changing clothes after coming out of the lock; abundant supply of air in the caisson; and a hospital lock for recompression in case of attack. Provisions for such safeguards have been embodied in the laws of New York State and of various foreign countries, and are recommended by the Illinois Commission.

Certain diseases are associated more or less closely with occupations involving constrained attitudes or over-exercise of certain parts of the body. Such occupations were not all ushered in by the industrial revolution. Indeed, with the new order some of the occasion for the old constraint has passed away. But it is hard to believe that, on the whole, constraint of position has not grown more serious with the increasingly minute subdivision of labor, with the narrowing of the toiler's day to an infinite repetition of one or two simple movements, and with the harnessing of the worker to the machine. In this connection one is reminded of the locomotive fireman who, upon being asked how many times he bent his back during his daily run, replied, " Just once "; the rest of the story is in the vital statistics of his order. Coal-miners are subject to a disease of the eyes called nystagmus, whose most striking characteristics is a rotary movement of the eyeballs, varying in rapidity from 60 to 350 movements per minute. This disorder is directly traceable to the constrained position assumed by miners in " holing " the seam at the coal face.

"A man sits with his legs crooked up, lying almost on his side, and strikes the coal with a horizontal swing of the pick. His eyes follow the pick point, but the tendency is to gaze upward more or less obliquely. His head is thrown back and flexed more or less on the shoulder beneath."

The reason for assuming this unnatural position is to get the coal out in larger pieces, because miners have frequently been paid only for coal which would pass over a screen of a certain size. Nystagmus is now said to be rare,

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and for two reasons: First, the substitution of machine mining for picking mining; and, second, the enactment of gross-weight laws requiring mine owners to pay for the entire quantity mined, not simply for the larger lumps—an interesting illustration of what improved processes and enlightened legislation may do, even unwittingly, to ameliorate conditions making for industrial disease.

Certain diseases are associated with occupations involving exposure to industrial poisons—*i.e.*, to substances which endanger by chemical processes the working capacity of the laborer. Such substances may enter the body through the mouth and digestive system, through the respiratory system, or through the skin. The extent of the danger from industrial poisons has not been accurately determined in any country, but the International Association for Labor Legislation has published a list of some thirty or forty substances, giving the characteristics of each, the industries in which they are prepared or used, the mode of entrance to the body, and the symptoms of poisoning in each case. Among the first to receive thorough investigation in this country and in Europe were phosphorus poisoning and lead poisoning.

Phosphorus poisoning is pre-eminently the menace of the American parlor-match industry. The head of the ordinary parlor match is made by dipping one end of the wooden splint into a paste containing a small per cent. of white (or yellow) phosphorus, a deadly poison. All who have to do with mixing this paste, dipping the splints, or drying and packing the matches, are exposed more or less to its dangers. Unless ventilation is good, and unless extraordinary precautions are taken with respect to factory and personal hygiene, fumes or particles of the phosphorus are likely to enter the body. The evil effects of such poisoning are in general anemia, lowered vitality, and predisposition to other diseases, and in some cases "phossy jaw" (phosphorus necrosis), a disease caused by absorbing phosphorus through the teeth or gums. Minute particles enter perhaps through cavities in the teeth, an irritation is set up which extends to the jaw, the teeth may loosen and drop out, the jaw decompose, and the disease communicate itself to the whole system. When once established, only a serious surgical operation, perhaps the removal of the jaw-bones, can arrest the progress of decay. It is to such a loathsome

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affliction that sixty-five per cent. of all workers in American match factories are liable; and among women and children employed in such establishments the percentage is far higher. and the pity of it is that such suffering should continue when it is preventable through the substitution of harmless phosphorus, and that the United States should continue to exact this toll when almost all civilized nations have already forbidden the use of white phosphorus! The substitute is slightly more expensive, and until recently has been controlled through patent by a well-known company. But that company was induced to cancel the patent some months ago, so that the harmless process is now available to the whole match industry. A bill was also introduced in Congress providing for the taxing of white phosphorus so heavily as to render its use uneconomical, but the passage of this measure, so urgently needed, is one of the many things the last session of the Sixty-first Congress failed to accomplish.

Lead poisoning was made the chief objective of the Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases. They discovered in that State twenty-eight industries in which this form of poisoning is a factor; but the great majority of cases were chargeable to five industries, *viz.,* white-lead manufacturing, lead smelting and refining, making storage batteries, making dry colors and paints, and the painters' trade. The last was found to be numerically the most important lead trade in the State of Illinois, employing probably 30,000 men. Its workers acquire lead poison for the most part through chewing lead-smeared tobacco, eating lead-smeared food, breathing dry lead dust, mixing dry white or yellow lead with putty or paint, and especially sand-papering coats of lead paint after they are dry. The hazard of this occupation might be greatly diminished, it is believed, by greater care on the part of painters, by provision of warm rooms in which they may wash their hands, change their clothes, and eat their lunches, as in Germany; by abolishing the use of white-lead paint, as in France, or by using it only for exterior work, and by doing away with *dry* sand-papering of lead paint, as in England. Indeed, it is contended that the lead trades in general are more dangerous here than in England or Germany. Their evils, it is true, tend to lessen with the substitution of machinery for hand work and with other alleviation of conditions; but the improvements in the

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care of the men do not keep pace with improvements in mechanical processes.

The importance of dust as a factor in occupation mortality has been emphasized by all writers since the days of Ramazzini. In fact, so strongly has it impressed them that they have singled out a large and growing number of employments for separate treatment under the caption "Dusty Trades." The reason for this is obvious when the insanitary possibilities of dust-laden air are considered. Not only may the dust be laden with poisonous particles, but it may bear the germs of infectious diseases—some peculiar to the human family, and others, like anthrax, transmissible from animals to men. These germs are the chief hazard of rag-sorting, wool-sorting, hide-handling, hair and brush manufacturing, and a score or more of related trades. But quite apart from its infective or poisonous character, industrial dust is injurious because of its mechanical properties. It impairs the lungs and the delicate membranes of the air passages, and goes far to explain the abnormal consumption death rate among workers in the dusty trades.

"The destructive influence varies according to the amount of dust, the kind of dust, the constancy of its presence, the susceptibility of the individual, and the methods employed to protect the individual against the entrance of the dust into the human organism."

The mechanical effects of organic dusts such as prevail in milling, tobacco and snuff manufacturing, textile industries, and comb and button factories are regarded as less injurious than the mineral and metallic dusts. Stone and marble cutters, glass-cutters, diamond-cutters, potters, cement-workers, plasterers, molders, and others exposed to mineral dusts show abnormally high death rates, especially from respiratory diseases, that from consumption being about five times as high among stone and marble cutters as among farmers and farm laborers. Still more serious is the exposure to metallic dusts which characterizes the work of metal-grinders, polishers, tool and instrument makers, brass-workers, jewelry-workers, printers, and engravers, and so on. Conspicuous above the rest as a sufferer from metallic dust is the grinder of tools, and especially the grinder of such small objects as forks and needles, who employs the dry method and who, because of the smallness of the objects, leans close over the stone, and so inhales much dust.

The extent of industrial diseases in the United States is

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as yet quite an unknown quantity, and the possibilities of their prevention we are only beginning to appreciate. The whole subject is comparatively new here. The serious effects generally observed have been looked upon as inevitable incidents of indispensable industrial processes. Many employments have never been made the subject of proper inquiry. And all attempts at competent investigation have been hampered by lack of satisfactory standards of industrial life and health and adaptability to trades; by the absence of sickness statistics such as are furnished by the government insurance institutions of continental Europe, and by the annoying limitations of our mortality statistics. In the first place, only the immediate occasion of death is given, and no light is thrown upon predisposing causes. For example, lead absorbed into the system compasses the death of a painter, but the death certificate is probably returned not as industrial poisoning, but under some more general title denoting the fatal cause. Industrial dust predisposes to tuberculosis, but mortality statistics make no distinction between industrial lung diseases and those attributable to other causes. Moreover, mortality statistics are given by industries, not by specific employments within an industry. Now some employments within an industry are much more wholesome than others; and the student of industrial diseases is primarily interested, not in the mortality statistics of the glass industry as a whole, for instance, but in the mortality statistics of glass-blowers, clay-grinders, melters, and other specific employments within that industry. In the third place, statistics are often misleading because of the shifting of workers from one industry to another; for example, a worker in a white-lead factory shows signs of poisoning and is advised to quit the employment; his death results from lead work, but statistics will charge it to some other occupation.

In the absence of adequate statistics and research, the actual amount of sickness and death among the industrial population must be a matter of "scientific conjecture." With German sickness insurance experience as a basis, Dr. F. L. Hoffman, of the Prudential Insurance Company, has attempted an estimate of the amount and cost of sickness among our industrial workers in 1910. Placing the number of persons gainfully employed at 33,500,000, and assuming the same sickness rate as is found in Germany, he finds

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that the number of cases of sickness among these workers last year must have been 13,400,000, the aggregate number of days of sickness 284,750,000; the loss of wages not less than $366,107,145; the medical cost $284,750,000, the loss through change of workers in industry on account of sickness $122,035,715, making a total economic loss among the industrial classes of $772,892,860 for the year. Of this total, German experience indicates that no less than one-fourth is due to strictly preventable causes, a needless waste of $193,223,215. In fact, it is thought that the sickness rate here is somewhat higher than in Germany, and consequently that the above estimates are too low. Moreover, these figures take no account of permanent invalidity and excessive mortality involved in present industrial conditions; and Dr. Hoffman places the number of deaths among American wage-earners last year at 330,500, of which no less than one-fourth were clearly preventable. Nor do any of these figures take account of the handicap which industrial disease and premature death imposes upon the posterity of the worker.

How shall this immeasurable waste be checked? How shall our law, our science, and our humanity be brought to bear effectively upon this great problem in conservation of human resources? In their memorial to President Taft, the committee of the National Conference on Industrial Diseases urged three steps on the part of the Federal Government: First, the appointment of a national commission of inquiry, constituted of Senators, Congressmen, and experts in preventive medicine, medical practice, sanitary engineering, industrial chemistry, and applied statistics, and charged with the comprehensive investigation of the whole subject of occupational diseases; second, the establishment of a national institute of industrial hygiene equipped for research into the causes and treatment of factory diseases and designed to carry out proposals of the national commission, publish results, and give encouragement to the pursuit of industrial medicine as a distinct profession; third, the creation of a national welfare institute for the improvement of labor conditions, including a "museum of safety devices whereby the calamities of industrial life may be lessened and the ravages of industrial disease diminished."

This threefold national programme is confessedly ambitious, and its full realization must await development of sentiment. It may have to await the organization of a na-

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tional health department. And meanwhile the national government is called upon to adopt such unambitious measures of amelioration as the taxing of white phosphorus out of the match industry—measures whose success is pre-assured if they can be brought within the scope of the Federal functions of taxation and trade regulation. But under our dual constitutional system we must still rely for the most part upon the individual States for action in the interests of industrial health. In the progress of general labor legislation is our first hope—in factory codes which provide more and more perfectly for lighting, ventilation, dust removal, personal and shop cleanliness, and efficient inspection. The medical inspector of factories who has appeared and found status in Massachusetts and a few other States should be a conspicuous member of the staff of inspectors in every State in the Union; for, in the words of Dr. W. C. Hanson,

> "Medical men alone are in a position to make the best use of facts obtained concerning the sanitary conditions of the premises where men and women work; to study the possible injurious effects of certain processes upon the health of the person engaged therein; to inspect devices designed to protect the employees against injurious and dangerous substances, as well as to detect pathological signs or symptoms of certain poisons and dusts and fumes incident to some occupations; to inquire as to the health of the employees; to make physical examination of minors, and, whenever possible, of adults, engaged in trades deemed to be injurious to health; and to collect and make proper use of all facts and data, including morbidity and mortality statistics pertaining to occupational hygiene."

Experts have also urged that special clinics be established for the study of industrial disease; that medical practitioners be required to report to the State factory inspector all cases of industrial diseases, as they are now required to report to the health authorities communicable diseases like scarlet fever and diphtheria; that employers in certain industries be required to employ (as many now do voluntarily) approved physicians who shall examine workers at stated intervals with especial reference to symptoms of diseases to which the trade renders them especially liable, and that employers be obliged to keep a careful record and report by causes and occupations all cases of industrial injuries so discovered. The pioneer work of the Illinois Commission on Occupational Diseases will no doubt stimulate similar and more comprehensive investigations in that and

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other States. It is to agencies such as these—to commissions, clinics, medical inspectors, and compulsory examinations and reports—and to the wide-spread publicity of their findings, that we must look for guidance toward the prevention of unnecessary industrial disease.

But, like industrial accidents, these diseases, in as far as they are not prevented, raise grave questions of liability and compensation. Indeed, not only do the two closely parallel each other, but industrial diseases shade off imperceptibly into industrial accidents. There is no sharp line of demarcation, nor is there any fundamental difference in the basis of industrial responsibility, except that the cause of the disease may be more obscure than that of the accident. When England passed her workmen's compensation act of 1906 she included in her classification six industrial diseases; the list has since been extended to twenty-seven. In other European countries the principle is now firmly established that a workman is entitled to compensation if incapacitated by a disease contracted in his trade and due to his employment, exactly in the same way as if he had been disabled by an accident. Our own States must find this the inevitable conclusion as soon as they have become committed to the principle and policy of workmen's compensation.

It is clear that with a programme of inaction we must not be content. We may not expect occupational immunity from disease, but we should set before us as a goal a minimum of hazard and hardship to the worker and a minimum of waste of human resources. Our watchword should be the *facts* and their *publicity,* to the end that industrial diseases may be prevented so far as possible and equitably compensated when not prevented.

PAUL S. PEIRCE.

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ASPECTS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

III

One of the arguments on which the advocates of public ownership invariably lay great stress is the ability of municipalities to raise money on easier terms than private corporations. This gives them, it is said, an advantage which no ordinary joint-stock undertaking can hope to compete with, an advantage, moreover, which from the standpoint of the public is indefinitely increased by the fact that the local authorities, unlike private traders, seek no profits from their enterprises and devote whatever surplus they earn either to reducing the charges for their services to cost price or else to relieving the general burden of taxation. The ordinary storekeeper or householder, supplied with electric light by a company that is altogether in private hands, has to pay not only the cost of production, but also interest on the capital, and if, as is frequently the case, the company is overcapitalized, his bills are proportionately higher. A public convenience which might fairly be called a public necessity is thus converted into a source of private gain, and there is always a danger that the interests of the general body of consumers may be subordinated to the desire of the stockholders in the corporation for larger dividends. Both these undesirable results, it is contended, are obviated when the city itself takes the ownership and management of the public utilities into its own hands. For in the first place the municipal authorities, having a lively fear of the ratepayers before their eyes, and well aware of the unpopularity that follows hard on any increase of local taxation, are never tempted to raise by loan more money than they actually need. They have from the start an incentive to carefulness and economy that is lacking or, at any rate, largely inoperative in the case of the promoters of private enter-

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prises. If the United States Government, for instance, had decided to take over the steel industry of the country, no one can doubt that it would have carried out its purpose at less expense, and have amalgamated the various plants into an undertaking with a very much smaller capital, than the Steel Corporation. In the same way if the question were to arise of providing a city *de novo* with a complete transportation system, the extreme probability would be that the municipality, owing to its freedom from entangling financial alliances and to the restraining power of a public opinion speaking in the name of taxpayers who were also voters, would be considerably more modest in its monetary demands and requirements than a syndicate of private contractors.

From the temptation, therefore, to overcapitalize its undertakings—a temptation which has never been succumbed to by corporations engaged in the supply of public services without disastrous results—a municipality, it is urged, is virtually free. Another and not less valuable asset it possesses is its power to procure such capital as it needs more cheaply than even the soundest and most prosperous of commercial companies. A municipality can always underbid its rivals in the money-market, if only for the reason that it is able at all times to pledge the general property of the citizens for whatever enterprise, however speculative, it is contemplating. A man of ordinary sense, looking for a permanent investment, will not put his money into any enterprise that he considers risky. But in the case of municipalities appealing for more capital to prosecute certain undertakings the element of risk is well-nigh eliminated. The reason is that the security offered has no relation to the merits or demerits of any particular project, but is based on the credit of the community as a whole. One of the most significant phenomena on the London Stock Exchange during the past decade has been the popularity and stability of the issues floated by the London County Council, in spite of an amount of abusive criticism of the Council's acts and policy, of many ill-starred ventures, and of a general and growing suspicion of extravagance that would have hopelessly ruined the credit of any private concern. When a local authority raises capital, the average investor does not stop to consider the probabilities of the specific scheme for which the money is needed succeeding or failing, nor does he allow himself to be influenced by any prepossessions

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for or against the principle of public ownership or municipal trading. What he looks at, and what alone he looks at, is the broad and sufficient fact that the total wealth of the community is offered to him as a guarantee that the interest on his investment will be punctually paid; and that is a guarantee of such overwhelming potency as to make all fears of bankruptcy seem ludicrous and all objections to this or that form of municipal enterprise irrelevant.

But not only, say the advocates of public ownership, are local authorities more scrupulous in raising only so much capital as they actually need, not only can they raise it more cheaply, but they have this further advantage over private corporations, that whatever profits accrue from their undertakings are secured directly or indirectly by the public. As to the form in which these profits should be made available —whether by a reduction in the cost of the particular services which yield them or by contributing them to the general relief of local taxation—there have always been differences both of practice and of opinion. But all who favor municipalization are at one in regarding it as the very keystone of their case and as the highest proof of the superiority of communal over individual enterprise that under the former system the financial returns resulting from any given public utility become the property of the public instead of disappearing into private pockets. At the same time, they insist that prices, profits, and the ordinary tests of commercialism are frequently altogether misleading and inapplicable as criteria of the full value of municipal industry. Cheapness and a balance on the right side, they remind us, are not everything, and it may be perfectly right and enormously to the advantage of the community that the local authority should engage in enterprises from which nothing in the shape of a financial profit is to be looked for. No municipality probably could collect dust and ashes and garbage at as low a cost as a private contractor; yet in the interests of health and sanitation no one can question that this function should be undertaken by a body of well-paid men in the direct employ of the City Council, even though their employment was a permanent drain on the local treasury. In this, as in so many other cases of municipal trading—sewage work, roads, baths, cemeteries, markets, and water-works, for instance—what is, or may be, a direct financial loss is more than made good by the increased comfort, health, and

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convenience of the citizens as a whole. It is not, therefore, wholly a paradox for any one to maintain, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw maintains, that "the desirability of municipal trading is actually in inverse ratio to its commercial profitableness." Take, he argues, the most popular branch of commercial enterprise: the drink traffic. It yields high profits. Take the most obvious and unchallenged branch of public enterprise: the making of roads. It is not commercially profitable at all. But suppose the drink trade were debited with what it costs in disablement, inefficiency, illness, and crime, with all their depressing effects on industrial productivity, and with their direct cost in doctors, policemen, prisons, etc.! Suppose at the same time the municipal highways and bridges account were credited with the value of the time and wear and tear saved by them! It would at once appear that the roads and bridges pay for themselves many times over while the pleasures of drunkenness are costly beyond all reason. Consequently a municipalized drink traffic which should check drinking at the point of excess would be a much better bargain for the ratepayers than the present system, even if the profits made at present by brewers and publicans were changed to losses made up by subsidies from the rates.

This is an argument the force of which must be acknowledged by every candid mind. It helps to illustrate the difficulty, one might even say the absurdity, of drawing any hard-and-fast, mainly financial, comparisons between communal and private enterprise; it helps to justify the contention that profits and expenses are not the only, or even the chief, standard by which municipal activities are to be judged; and it helps also to confirm the soundness of the attitude for which I pleaded in the first article of this series —the attitude of approaching each case on its merits, of holding fast to a flexible expediency, and of refusing to consider the problems of public ownership from any rigidly dogmatic standpoint. One must always take into account the deferred and invisible benefits of municipal enterprise; one must always remember that while it would never pay a corporation to lose money on a given undertaking, it might easily pay a community; one must bear in mind that there are trades and businesses, like the railroads, docks, telephones, and telegraphs, of such supreme importance to the general welfare that it would be profitable for a public authority to

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operate them even at a loss rather than see them withdrawn from the service of the people. And it is equally important to keep in view some of the other and less obvious characteristics that differentiate private from public industries. In the former the main object is financial profit; in the latter it is social benefit. A corporation furnishing a city with one of its public utilities, even if it does not think exclusively of its stockholders, is at least conscious of a divided allegiance, will rarely extend its operations unless it sees a fair prospect of financial returns, and is apt when framing its policy to consider in the first place the purchasing power of the people it serves and their real needs—which are often greatest where their purchasing power is least—afterward. A municipality, on the other hand, supplying itself with the same public utility, is more likely to reverse this order of interests and to sacrifice a percentage of profit, or even to operate an undertaking at a loss, for the sake of a wider diffusion of public benefits. Thus when the same or virtually the same profit is to be had by furnishing a restricted service at a high cost and a greatly expanded service at a lower cost, the instinct of the corporation would be to prefer the former arrangement as involving less trouble, while the instinct of the municipality would be to prefer the latter arrangement, as involving greater advantages to the community. Thus, too, the real argument in favor of municipal water-works is not that the supply of water to a community must in the nature of things be an absolute monopoly, nor is it that water is a commodity whose price it is impossible to regulate beforehand; the real argument is that a private company, selling water by quantity, tends to restrict the public use of it and thus militates against the health and cleanliness of the community as a whole, and of the poor in particular. Thus, again, it is entirely creditable for an electric-lighting company to pay, if it can, dividends of ten per cent.; but a municipality that showed any such profits on its electric-lighting plant would rightly be judged guilty of something like a fraud upon its customers and would be assailed with an instantaneous demand for a reduction in the cost of its service. Moreover, to illustrate still further the difference between communal and corporation enterprise, it must not be left out of sight that a commercial company is not responsible for the laborers it employs apart from the terms and conditions of their work, whereas a munici-

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pality stands in a constant relation to the men in its service before, during, and after the period of their engagement. It is the relationship not only of employer to employee, but of the city to the citizen; and the latter aspect is bound to react upon the former. That is to say, a municipality which provides workhouses, infirmaries, hospitals, prisons, casual wards, and so on at the public expense will find it a remunerative policy to pay its employees a sufficient wage to keep them out of these institutions, whereas an ordinary commercial company, especially one that employs casual workmen on a large scale, actually depends upon these rate-supported philanthropies to furnish it with an unfailing reserve of cheap and easily sweated labor. It is thus in the interest of the municipality to pay the higher wage and in the interest of the corporation to pay the lower one, the former being financially concerned to prevent as many people as possible from becoming public charges, while the concern of the latter may be, and often is, in precisely the opposite direction—as any one may see who has studied the economics of a dock-yard. From which it follows that while the private ownership and operation of a public utility may be a financial success, it may also be a source of social harm and impoverishment, and that a municipality, while apparently losing money by its management of a given enterprise, may really be getting a bigger and better return in other directions.

These arguments, illustrations, and reflections may be found set forth with admirable clarity in Mr. George Bernard Shaw's volume, *The Common Sense of Municipal Trading;* and however much they may be disputed or may be offset by counter-considerations, they at least serve to indicate the barriers in the way of a mere ledger and day-book comparison between the results of municipal and private operation and to explain why it is that the supporters of public ownership as a policy so fiercely resist the demand that is constantly being pressed upon them to submit their undertakings to the ordinary form of commercial audit. Mr. Shaw hammers home the point by imagining two cities. In the first the poor rates, police rates, and sanitary rates are very low, and the children in the schools flourishing and of full weight, whilst all the public services of the city are municipalized and conducted without a farthing of profit or even with occasional deficits made up out of the rates. In

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the second city all the public services are in the hands of flourishing joint-stock companies paying from seven to twenty-one per cent.; the workhouses, the prisons, the hospitals, the sanitary inspectors, the disinfectors and strippers and cleansers are all as busy as the joint-stock companies, whilst the schools are full of rickety children. According to the commercial test, the second town would be a triumphant proof of the prosperity brought by private enterprise, and the first a dreadful example of the bankruptcy of municipal trade. But which town would wise men rather pay rates in? "In the very cases where municipal trading is most profitable to the ratepayers, its departmental expenses are and ought to be greater and its surpluses, if any, are and ought to be less than those of a private firm doing the same work—nay, when the municipality undertakes at a heavy departmental loss work that has previously been carried on by commercial contractors at a tempting commercial profit, the ratepayers are probably saving more by this apparently bad bargain than by the municipal gas-works and tram-lines which not only do not cost them a farthing out of pocket, but actually contribute hard cash to the rates as well."

The advocates of public ownership have, therefore, two sets of arguments to buttress their policy. The first is that it pays; the second is that it doesn't matter if it doesn't pay. On the one hand, they maintain that the entrance of local authorities into the industrial field has resulted not only in a lowering of the cost and an improvement in the quality of the public services supplied, but also in the creation of a valuable source of communal revenue from which the burden of taxation has been and can be relieved. And, on the other hand, they argue that where a given municipal enterprise shows a loss, the loss is rather apparent than real and is more than made good by the "social reactions" of the utilities provided, by the increased comfort or orderliness or health or general convenience of the community as a whole, by the added pride and interest of the citizens in their civic life, and by the beneficent example in such matters as wages and hours of work set by the local authority in its capacity as an employer of labor on a large scale. Of these two sets of arguments the second is one that to a certain extent every man must agree with. That is to say, experience and common sense have alike shown that there are cer-

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tain public services of so exceptional a character that their ownership and operation are better in municipal than in private hands and that the value of these services to the community cannot be assessed in dollars and cents. No one asks whether the sewage system, for instance, or the police force "pays." People see the necessity of tolerating a direct financial loss on these and other institutions and enterprises for the sake of greater derivative gains. But between the acceptance of that much of the argument of the advocates of public ownership and the adoption of their entire case there is a wide difference. There is a wide difference in theory and there is a still wider difference in practice. And here I must again insist that it is by practice, by the actual application of principles and theories, that the desirability or otherwise of municipalizing a specific public utility is to be judged. Neither the friends nor the opponents of public ownership are able to carry out their *a priori* views to their logical conclusion; and to draw up a concise code of abstract principles that would at once permit municipalities to own water-works and yet forbid them to own a street-car service, allow them to maintain bands in the public parks and yet veto the municipal manufacture of musical instruments, sanction municipal cemeteries and yet prohibit municipal coffins and gravestones, would be well-nigh impossible. Later on I shall endeavor to draw a rough-and-ready line between the utilities that may be publicly owned and operated with advantage and those that may not. But the starting-point of any such attempt must be the recognition of the fact that each case should be decided on its merits, that the argument from one utility to another and from one city or country to another is full of pitfalls, and that the determining factors are at least as much technical and political as they are social or economic.

Meanwhile I return to the point with which this article began—the contention, namely, of the advocates of public ownership that a municipality by its command of cheap and practically unlimited capital combined with an indifference to dividends is able to make a better commercial success, as well as a better "social" success, of its undertakings than an ordinary corporation. Although the directors of a joint-stock company pay no dividends on their capital until they have earned them, while a municipality must pay interest on its loans from the moment of their flotation; and al-

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though in addition a municipality, in Great Britain at any rate, is required to set aside an annual sum toward the extinction of its indebtedness, nevertheless the supporters of public ownership maintain that a utility of the profit-yielding kind, such as street-cars, gas-works, and an electric-lighting system, can be conducted more efficiently and economically by a local authority than by a corporation. They argue that it is just as easy for a mob of ratepayers to run a business as for a mob of shareholders to run a railroad; that in each case the main question is simply that of hiring the requisite ability; and that in the competition to secure expert and enterprising managers municipalities have a positive advantage, because, though they do not offer the glittering prizes that a corporation can afford to hold out, yet they provide a greater security of tenure, they never become bankrupt and are never driven out of business, they are exempt from the accidents of ordinary commercial life, and they open out to the right man a career of steady promotion and public usefulness, a career of such attractiveness that, at least in England, it is the rarest possible thing for a man to forsake it in order to enter the service of a private company. These advantages—which, it is important to note, are peculiar to Great Britain alone and do not obtain in the United States, where an ambitious man finds far greater scope for his talents in corporation than in municipal employment, where the steady, unexciting, almost unvarying career has few attractions, and where the spoils system is in perpetual conflict with that security of tenure which is the indispensable foundation of municipal efficiency—coupled with the advantages already touched upon in the matter of raising capital, enable local authorities, it is claimed, or at all events British local authorities, to manage an industrial undertaking as successfully as, if not more successfully than, a joint-stock corporation.

This is a claim which, for reasons that will afterward appear, it is extremely difficult to bring to a direct and sure statistical test. But there are certain general considerations which serve to establish a strong *a priori* case against it, and to show that, as a rule and when judged by commercial standards, private management must always be superior to public management. In the first place a board of corporation directors is—or perhaps it would be safer to say, can be and should be—freely chosen from among the men who

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know most about, and are most interested in, and in the best position for insuring, the success of the undertaking in which they are engaged. But a municipality that has taken over the management, let us say, of an electric-lighting plant has no such unlimited area of ability to select from. It is forced to work with the material provided by the electorate in the shape of a body of councilors; and these councilors, generally speaking, to be elected at all, have to reside in the district they represent, are voted for by their constituents without the slightest reference to or knowledge of their business capacities, and owe their seats in a few cases to an honorable desire to be of public use, but in most cases to politics, the dictates of a boss, the hope of personal profit, the ambition to feel themselves, even in the slightest degree, men of consequence and power, and to a hundred other motives which, without being discreditable, have no necessary connection with their competency to conduct a strictly business enterprise. Among these councilors a certain number are allotted, again without any consideration being paid to their knowledge of the problems before them, to the Electric Lighting Committee. The committee is neither an expert body nor has it plenary powers; its recommendations and reports have to be ratified by the council as a whole before they become operative, and in this process of referring backwards and forwards points that a board of directors can settle on the spot there is an inevitable sacrifice of business efficiency and despatch. The councilors who sit on the committee and who form the managing body of the municipal electric-lighting plant have no personal and pecuniary interest in its successful administration; hardly one of them would dream of attending to it with the same carefulness and assiduity as to his private affairs; all are naturally anxious about their seats; and all are pulled in directions that have nothing to do with business considerations by the knowledge that the people to whom they supply electric light are also the voters to whom they owe their election. And this knowledge is apt to influence them, often no doubt unconsciously, in many undesirable ways. Thus it may induce them to pay their expert advisers and managers and their permanent officials inadequately because democracy suspects large salaries. It may induce them to find jobs for their constituents, to overstaff the lower ranks of municipal employees, and to vote far higher than ordi-

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nary competitive wages to the laborers in their service. It may induce them to bid for a passing popularity by reducing the cost of electric light below the margin of profit or by handing over the surplus earnings to "the relief of taxation" instead of improving the plant or making proper provision for depreciation. Wherever, indeed, you find a popularly elected body chosen to discharge administrative functions and discharging instead the functions of a trader, the presumption is strong that in the latter capacity its showing will compare unfavorably in cost, initiative, singleness of purpose, and efficiency with the showing made by private corporations. And this presumption—which, after all, has its roots in the elementary facts of human nature and of modern political conditions—is strengthened when one remembers that councilors in ultra-democratic communities, like the United States especially, enjoy little security for their seats and are apt to be rejected by their constituents just when they have begun to gather some experience in the management of municipal trading; that they are constantly exposed to forms of political pressure that make it almost impossible for them to judge business problems in the exclusive light of business considerations; that a permanent municipal staff tends to acquire the lethargy and the unenterprising arrogance of most bureaucracies; that a municipal council is at one moment tempted by the facilities for raising capital on easy terms into an injudicious extravagance and at another moment is driven by its fear of the ratepayers into an excessive caution; that taxpayers never have the same means as stockholders of learning the exact position of the enterprise conducted in their name and with their money, and are therefore less able to influence its directors on their business side; and that the areas within which alone municipalities can operate are so narrow when compared with the developments of modern mechanical industries, such as electric lighting, transportation, and telephones, that a private corporation disregarding all artificial boundaries and extending its activities to the full limit of their business capacity—supplying, for instance, a whole county whilst the municipal council is confined to a mere fraction of it—is practically certain, unless grossly mismanaged, to work with a greater economy of administrative power and financial outlay. One may, therefore, maintain with some confidence that faulty as boards of di-

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rectors often are when regarded as purely trading agencies, municipalities are more faulty still, and that the communal management of a public utility is virtually bound to be more costly, in the normal commercial sense of the word, than if it were left in private hands. Reasons have been given earlier in this article for holding that from the public standpoint the commercial test is not necessarily decisive. Nevertheless, the superiority of private over municipal trading in all that appertains to the business side is a factor of the utmost moment and must be held to go a long way towards justifying the exclusion of local authorities from competitive industries.

SYDNEY BROOKS.

(To be Continued)

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AMERICAN SECURITIES IN EUROPE

BY JAMES EDMUND DUNNING

I

In the *Petit Parisien* for May 22d, 1911, there appeared the following paragraph:

"There will shortly be introduced on the Paris Bourse, both for cash and option dealings, the stock of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railroad. This company, one of the most important in the United States, owns 11,000 miles of road, of which about 10,600 are being operated. The annual profits have risen in the last ten years from $23,000,000 to $35,000,000, and the dividend paid on the ordinary stock has gradually been raised from one and one-half per cent. to six per cent. last year."

Contained in the process by which permanent place abroad has been given such issues is the history of the greatest strokes of commercial and financial generalship in our times —and the creation of an unexpected practical force for the amity of nations and world-wide tranquillity.

The relation between expanding American industries and the money-supply of the continent of Europe is by no means one of mere bargain and sale. It represents the highest possible ideal of a union of understanding and interest for the benefit of the producer of capital, on the one hand, seeking a secure place and a reasonably profitable activity in which to put his savings, and on the other the active user of money requiring motive power for his works. It is one of the most striking illustrations of the way in which nations have drawn closer and closer together in the last half-century. It is "Reciprocity" in a most noteworthy form. It is a noble tribute to the financial genius of the age that there has been found a way to so increase the neighborliness of nations, their knowledge of and confidence in one another, and their means for maintaining constant and mutual touch, that the needs of one can be made to feed and sustain the

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requirements of another under orderly systems and easily workable regulations, and with the nearly complete disappearance of that feeling of suspicion and distrust which in former days was sometimes encountered in international enterprises. Some of the strong peoples have grown, under this new impulse, to an intimacy of interest which stands far over average "alliances" in potency for general harmony and peace.

The mere exploitation by one nation of the resources of capital produced through the process of saving in another would not be a handsome spectacle. One does not know that it has ever been attempted, but not infrequently one hears some sarcastic reference to "Dollar Diplomacy" as if it were somehow an ungenerous and undignified thing to bring the best *material* interests of the four quarters of the earth into harmony and touch as a part of the age-long effort to similarly effect some reasonable concord in politics.

The peace-controlling power of extensive business connections was mentioned not long ago by the Right Hon. James Bryce, Ambassador to the United States from England (in a speech to the National Board of Trade in Washington), in these strong terms:

> "But I do say, speaking of Europe and speaking of the rest of the world, that the existence of an active and increasing commerce is a very considerable additional security for peace between the great nations of the earth. It is also a great advantage even in minor cases."

The United States, as an expanding industrial member of the group of nations, and the American banker with his superior point of view and power of vision, have been most active in the practical development of a plan for a general interchange of interest and investment. American securities have sought foreign markets in order to procure funds for the development of our industries. A country like ours, where in this first decade of the century the capital invested in the manufacturing industries increased by one hundred per cent., and where, in the same period, the production of crude petroleum tripled and the cotton crop increased thirty-five per cent.; where the steel and iron product of the single Pittsburg district has risen to nearly $200,000,000 annually; where the products manufactured in the district of New York alone amount each year to a total which is rapidly approaching the three-billion-dollar mark; and where, out of the tremendous total which is implied hereby, there is an

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annual exportation to other countries of but about two billions of dollars—such a country must naturally concern itself with its financial relation to the other countries. Equally is it true that the United States, with a railway mileage which advanced in this first decade from 190,000 to 250,000 miles, a population which rose from 75,000,000 to 90,000,000, and wealth which increased from $80,000,000,000 to nearly $115,000,000,000, constitutes a foremost opportunity for the safe and profitable employment of the savings of other countries where there is less demand for working capital but a rigid insistence upon the security of invested earnings.

This need of a safe and active field of investment has been quite as great in certain other countries as the need of working capital has been in ours. There has been quite as much anxiety to seek the market as we have displayed in creating it. Much of the apprehension which may have arisen (and I do not think it very general) concerning our national attitude toward this situation has been derived from an ignorance of the banking business and the science of finance, not to mention lack of opportunity to view the facts at the shortest range. The same process goes on in miniature in every banking-house in every smallest city in the world. I well remember how a few years ago the French holders of certain short-time American railway notes besieged the Paris offices of a great bank and begged that they secure an extension of the notes in spite of the fact that the investment paid but three per cent. Money must have employment just as certainly as machinery and men must.

The American securities now quoted on the Paris Bourse are (June, 1911 : Cleveland, Cincinnati & St. Louis fours, due 1930, $10,000,000; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul fours, 1925, $50,000,000; New York, New Haven & Hartford fours, 1922, $29,000,000; Pennsylvania Railroad Company three and three-quarters, 1921, $50,000,000; St. Louis & San Francisco fives, 1927, $10,000,000; the same company's four and a halfs, 1940, $5,000,000; Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé Railway Company common stock, 200,000 shares of $100 each, $20,000,000; Philadelphia Company common stock, 200,000 shares of $50 each, $10,000,000.

On the Coulisse (or curb market) there are handled the following: U. S. Worsted Preferred, 30,000 shares; U. S. Rubber First Preferred, 50,000 shares; Virginia-Carolina Company Common, 75,000 shares; and Utah Copper, 300,000

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shares, all of $10 each. The total is thus slightly under $200,000,000.

II

France leads the world in the annual comparative volume of her savings, which amount to about $400,000,000. Italy, with a population considerably smaller, exceeds her in the amount of average savings-bank accounts per depositor and nearly equals her in the amount of average deposits per inhabitant, while Germany, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland, and Denmark lead her heavily in the same way. But in actual producing capacity, irrespective of the disposition of the resultant savings, France leads all other countries and constitutes the best example of modern times of what thrift as a national characteristic can accomplish for both the nation and the individual citizen. It is estimated by careful economists and financiers that nearly $500,000,000 becomes available every year in France for investment, about $400,000,000 from actual savings out of the profits of human labor, and the balance from probated estates and maturing investments.

This result is directly due to the special character of the French, which finds expression in the conception of the family rather than the individual as the social unit, and in their marvelous capacity for dealing successfully with the smaller things of life. The French constitute a colossal example of the old saying that those who take care of the pennies will find the dollars taking care of themselves. It is impossible to dissociate this feature of French economics from the personality of the nation. It is far more than a mere financial question, and one which might well be taken note of in other countries where complaint is heard of the so-called "high cost of living." And thus the national wealth of France ($45,000,000,000) is equal to that of Germany, though her population is but 39,000,000 as against Germany's 64,000,000. France's stock of money per capita of the population was about forty-one dollars when last reported (January 1st, 1909), where Germany's was but about twenty-five dollars.

"The French investor must sleep well" is a familiar saying among the Paris bankers. It is a direct reflection from the intention of the average citizen to find his level in life as soon as possible, discover and establish his earning ca-

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pacity in it, and so live as to create an actual physical independence for himself, however modest, when a relatively brief working period is done. The individual investor, therefore, prefers a stock or bond which pays three to four per cent. with absolute security to one that pays six or seven per cent. with security under a risk. It is practically impossible to appeal to him on the ground of large returns. The question "Is it good?" must be answered to the last detail. And once he is satisfied, he buys and places the investment in his strong-box and leaves it there until maturity. This is the attitude of the individual, and it manifests itself likewise in the mass and passes straight up through the provincial banks until it appears as the dominating factor in the Paris Bourse and in the operations of such institutions as the Société Générale, with its capital of $80,000,000 and branches which reach into every town in France and every foreign country.

This habit of the French investor of purchasing a security and putting it away to rest until maturity as one of the permanent foundation-stones of a contented life is of the utmost value to us, and has, I imagine, had much to do with the splendidly successful efforts of prominent bankers to establish a permanent working relationship between the two republics. For it must be evident that if two nations have securities worth several hundred millions exchanged and placed in the hands of one another's citizens who will not only never speculate with them, but will be satisfied to let them remain, perhaps for fifty years, until maturity, for the sake of the annual return in interest or dividends, they have created a mutual and reciprocal asset for their financial stability the importance of which can hardly be overstated. So far as the public and the press are concerned, this is a comparatively new principle in financial science and one which has certainly not come to be appreciated by the mass of people. As was said to me recently in Paris by a very eminent international financier, "The value of it cannot be put too strongly."

III

Italy, an entirely different market, created by utterly different people, remains almost untouched from without by this programme of financial unity. She uses her surplus earnings very largely in developing her home industries,

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unlike France, which by comparison has developed industries more slowly than she has accumulated her national savings. The Italians of the dominant classes are much more like Americans than like the French in their attitude toward their savings. Characteristically bold, active, ambitious, and even venturesome, they display, in the handling of their money-supply and of their budget, all the remarkable independence and free courage which has distinguished them since the days when Christopher Columbus broke away from the weaver's shop in Genoa to discover a continent. The Italian is a famous saver, but an extremely liberal spender. In his northern industrial and financial communities he is singularly "American" in his roving energy, and not unlike the English in his "sporting spirit," which enjoys a risk and prompts him to put his earnings into something with a promise of high return even though coupled with a chance of loss. Without this element in the national character Italy could never have accomplished her wonderful rise from the doubtful integrity of her parts, between 1862 and 1873, to her present power as a great producing and purchasing nation with a rapidly accumulating store of gold and with industries expanding at a truly marvelous advance.

But, combined with the intense and increasing demand for home capital in the expansion of domestic industries, this has rendered her less attractive as a market for foreign securities than France. It is probably not too unreserved a forecast to say that well within the present decade Italian industries will have approached something like a turning-point, which is to say a zenith of capacity in a country which is limited in area and population in direct contrast to the almost unlimited energy and genius of its people.

This genius and this energy is as dynamic and expansive in Italy as it is kinetic and well-nigh silent in France. The time will surely come when Italian savings will be more interested than they are now in seeking outside employment. Milan is the money center and is already a positive influence in Continental affairs. The Banca Commerciale, seconded by the Credito Italiano, is one of the great financial organizations of the world, with connections extending into every country. The Bank of Naples is the great factor of the transmission to Italy of the savings of Italians resident in the United States, as much as $20,000,000 in a year being

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brought into the Peninsula through this agency alone. When the time approaches, the stores of surplus capital which Italy will assuredly be capable of producing may very properly seek and find employment in the expanding industries of other nations. And there will be another link in the tremendous chain of common material interest which is binding more closely peoples heretofore widely separated. The refined and lofty sentiment of international political correspondence will have another foundation in substantial fact.

England, as the home of a public in which the speculative instinct is developed to the highest degree, has been much attracted by American stocks and bonds; but the method pursued there is totally different from that which obtains in France, and the difference is based on the widely divergent legal aspects of the case in the two countries as well as on the fact that the English enjoy rapid speculative excitement, while the French do not.

In England practically any security can be sold on a basis as good as that afforded to any other. There is very little control of any kind, and the principle of individual liberty in investment is not limited by government. Shilling rubber shares and government bonds enjoy like privileges.

In France, on the contrary (and generally contrary to the custom obtaining in other countries), the listing of any given security is wholly within the control of government. The Chambre Syndicale, or governing board, of the Paris Bourse, which answers to the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange in a general way, is simply the vehicle made use of by the security in getting a hearing before the French Ministry of Finance, and, in the case of a foreign security, also before the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The situation is very much the same as would be produced in America if the Board of Governors of the New York Stock Exchange should be required by law to submit a statement of a security to the Treasury Department and then to the Secretary of State at Washington, together with a petition for authority to list it.

It thus happens, of course, that political considerations of the higher type may possibly enter in and be given weight either for or against a certain stock, and that the barrier so raised is frequently insurmountable by securities which, for one reason or another, are deemed to be inimical to the best French financial and commercial interests; but in the

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long run, as seems evident, the public, which is naturally the foundation of every investment enterprise, is afforded an unusual degree of protection. In that this protection acts directly to conserve the great annual accumulation of French savings, it must be maintained that the restrictions are for the general good, which is to say the good both of France and of those other countries which deal with it. Accompanying it are sundry minor regulations which must be complied with and which heighten the protection to the investor and the responsibility of the vendor.

IV

Germany carries her advanced policy of protection to home enterprises straight throughout her whole financial system. The foremost German financiers pay but incidental attention to foreign securities, in spite of the fact that some of their interests of that character are large; and it can hardly be expected that their public will acquire any very extended relation toward us in this regard. Her financial propaganda is devoted too absolutely to assisting the spread of her own commerce and industries at home, and especially in other countries. The making of a German industrial loan abroad means that the money spent in equipment will be paid back again to German factories and syndicates. Moreover, Germany's internal condition is totally different from that of France in that, on the one hand, her population is less devoted to the principle of thrift, and, on the other, her industries are being expanded to such a degree and her foreign connections so extensively developed as to exhaust from within much of her natural annual accumulations of available capital. Russia and Austria are in much the same condition, the former taking her financial lead from France and the latter from the Germans. While in both countries, and particularly in Russia, large sums are being used internally, in France attention is paid to the *accumulations* of thrift more than to the *profits* of ingenuity and speculation.

The German national savings are authoritatively stated to be slightly over $900,000,000 a year. As I have already said, these funds find very profitable employment in native investments, and especially in German municipal bonds, of which there are many. The German investor is quite willing to accept reasonable risks in the pursuit of a high interest return, and the size of the expected dividend has fre-

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quently been a decisive factor in sales of American securities in Germany, quite contrary to the prevailing practice in France. The tendency and volume of German industries are such as to naturally create a fairly high interest rate, and in this respect Germany is in something of the same situation as the United States. The case has at least been sufficiently similar to render Germany comparatively indifferent to American securities. She is a heavy user of foreign money, and has for several years been offering her own securities in outside markets. There is some authority for believing that hopes are entertained for eventually listing German Consols on the Paris Bourse. There remain, of course, some political difficulties in the way of an absolutely perfect accord between Germany and France; but it is interesting to note that French capital flows into Germany already, though indirectly, by way of Switzerland. The *Petit Parisien* for May 21st, 1911, in commenting on the reduced demand for native securities in France, said:

"It is no secret in France that French capital is emigrating, and very rapidly indeed, to Switzerland, and even to Germany."

The point there is that French money can be taken by Swiss bankers through their intimate connections with the Paris market and reloaned to Germany at a profit, while still giving Germany the necessary capital required by her development at a price which she can afford to pay.

Efforts to handle American securities in Germany on a large scale by direct means at Berlin have not succeeded as well as was expected—certainly not anywhere near as well as they have in Paris, where such methods have become thoroughly established.

By a proclamation dated July 4th, 1910, the German Government provided regulations for the admission of securities to quotation on the Stock Exchanges. The Government has thus taken very strict control of this protective system, and the restriction is quite as complete as it is in France.

Holland has been a very positive factor in the development of the American security abroad, and a considerable chapter of financial history might be devoted to that alone. Amsterdam has long taken an active interest in our stocks and supplied a good deal of the money for the early railroad enterprises in the United States. The Amsterdam market still figures as one of the principal centers for the negotia-

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tion of American securities in Europe. As in England, governmental regulation is nearly non-existent. The door is open to every sort of offering, and the leading bankers regulate matters for themselves in connection with their financial correspondents in the United States. The volume of Dutch savings is large, and we have drawn upon them liberally in our programme of industrial development. The field is still exceptionally good, but the security must be unquestioned and highly indorsed.

The stock of Dutch money in circulation per capita when last reported (January 1st, 1909) was about twenty-six dollars; and twenty-five dollars for Germany, fourteen dollars for Italy, eighteen dollars for the United Kingdom, forty-one dollars for France, and thirty-six dollars for the United States.

During 1909 and 1910 large issues of American bonds were placed in Europe, a considerable quantity of them going to Paris. London continues to take similar lots now and then, and Brussels has become a fairly attractive market for small parts of lesser industrial issues, which are "peddled" into northern France and Holland to customers of private banking-houses. During the summer of 1911, however, the plan of an international syndicate to establish an agency for important American securities in Brussels came to a head. This group is made up of bankers in both Belgium and the United States. In England particularly there is a group of such comparatively small bankers or "investment companies" who make a business of trading in minor industrial securities. But the French appear to have a special liking for "preference shares," doubtless because of the obvious profit-sharing theory on which they are based.

During 1910 there was visible some tendency to express uneasiness over the trend of American legislation and the application of corporation laws in various of the States. This fear, based on insufficient information and the difficulty, usual in Europe, of perfectly understanding the method by which the members of our Union work together as a coherent whole, was abated without much difficulty, and there was no sign of it in 1911 when certain vital decisions of the United States Supreme Court were rendered. It was then quite clear that a lurking uncertainty as to the stability of institutions, which, like ours, are expanding at a rate that to the European mind seems entirely supernatural, had been dis-

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pelled by the patient "missionary" labors of our financiers. The extraordinary liberties of our free press, and the real relation between our laws and our corporations, had been made known and understood. The frank declarations of our great industrial leaders has had a marked effect in elucidating this attitude of the new American men of affairs toward the mighty and not always controllable natural forces under their direction—their high sense of a responsibility beyond all ordinary standards and their more than willingness to have the Government bear the burden of it once the safety of their stockholders is assured. However, by the middle of 1911 it had become obvious in Europe that the Continental market offered but little encouragement to foreign industrial securities excepting those of the highest and absolutely proved class.

V

Certain nations stood thus in 1910:

(Figures in millions.)

Country.	Pop'n.	Wealth.	Revenue.	Expenditure.	Debt.	Per Capita Money Supply.
France	39	$45,000	$850	$850	$5,900	$41
Germany	64	45,500	678	678	1,095	25
Holland	6	5,000	73	78	451	26
Italy	32	15,000	453	442	2,602	14
United Kingdom	42	70,000	738	741	3,670	18
United States	90	125,000	884	1,002	1,023	36

To a people as actively occupied as ours are occupied in complex interstate relations, which have until very recently been sufficient as producers of trade and absorbers of capital, but little has been known of the steps which have led up to, and which are still leading up to, a more thoroughly workable understanding among the dominant nations in their money operations.

It was probably during the panic of 1907 that there first came home to us the lack of adequate reciprocation between the greater parts of the complicated mechanism of international finance. It must have dawned on many minds then that something had been overlooked, even as it became apparent that the so-called "panic" had no genuine foundation and came from no adequate physical cause. The fact was, there was practically no harmony between nations and their peoples in finance, such as we have been building up for many years in trade. The very immensity of our possibilities and resources had kept us blind to the need of outside assistance in developing them.

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Equally has this state of things been true in our relations with Central and South America. Admittedly essential, as it is, that we share in the interests of our associate American republics, up to a comparatively short time ago we exercised but little influence in financing their enterprises or in assisting them in making the loans necessary to their prosperity. For this and a considerable part of their trade they formed the habit of going to the Continent of Europe. Argentine in 1910 gave twice as much trade to Germany and England as she did to us. French capital built the dock system at Rio de Janeiro. The British have constructed the Brazilian battleships and the Peruvian liners which will operate from the west coast through the Panama Canal to Atlantic ports.

This inability to see with sufficient breadth of vision the true relation between finance and trade, on the one hand, and political and social development on the other, goes back many years. It is still easily recalled by European bankers how no one believed in the stability and depth of American resources (excepting cotton) during our Civil War. I personally remember one patriotic American, then a resident of Europe, who doggedly held to his promise to buy any American security offered to him by foreign holders during days when the Union was supposed to be doomed, and who awoke, one morning in 1865, to find himself much more than a millionaire in "gilt-edged" securities, some of which he told me he had purchased for ten cents on the dollar.

Nor was much more known or appreciated among the European people themselves of the resources of one another. Scientific international finance, as the greatest of professions, was in its infancy. The general view even of the foremost bankers was confined and narrow in 1864, but four years later began the political crisis which terminated in the Franco-Prussian War and in the exaction by Germany of Bismarck's colossal indemnity of a thousand million dollars. That France could meet such a burden without a condition of practical bankruptcy extending over many years was believed by no one in Europe at the time, and the utmost astonishment was expressed when a company undertook to finance it. The world knows how the gigantic penalty was arranged for in the course of a mere few weeks, but even in the thrill of wonder which possessed financial interests everywhere there was but little understanding of the main cause underlying the action.

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Underneath there has been at work a mighty but perfectly simple principle of higher economics—the principle of demand and supply in capital, which differs in no way whether applied to money or to goods. The aim apparently has been to create, by the use of sterling securities of the most assured quality, the groundwork for a permanent freedom of interchange between European money anxiously seeking profitable occupation and American securities representing the larger branches of our industries. It is thoroughly clear that this task has not been easy. Years have been required for it, and an infinite patience in smoothing the way with copious information upon the resources of America, and in building up the assurances, moral as well as legal, upon the character of our national assets. In consequence, for the first time there has been created a genuine knowledge and appreciation of the true extent and indestructibility of our commercial prosperity—that exposition of natural resources and self-containedness which is equaled nowhere else on earth.

JAMES EDMUND DUNNING.

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IRELAND'S NATIONAL DRAMA

BY JOHN EDWARD HOARE

It is a long look back to the day when Matthew Arnold expressed himself so strongly and pertinently upon the vital importance of organizing the theater, and in London the uphill fight toward some such accomplishment seems both slow and sadly spasmodic. In fact, the English provinces are leading the way, as demonstrated by the venture recently initiated in Liverpool and Miss Horniman's Repertory Company in Manchester, which was established in 1907 with such widely interesting results. But in Dublin we now find a theater upon such a properly organized basis as is worthy of no small attention from all who are interested in the national aspect of drama in the higher sense.

In the year 1901 there came fully into being what was then termed The Irish National Dramatic Society, its object being the production of purely Irish plays, plays written—in English—by Irish authors, and plays relative to Ireland interpreted by local actors under a self-contained board of direction. And during the last decade the most deeply instructive developments have taken place till to-day The Irish National Theater Society can show a drama, a school of acting, and a clearly defined character and status of its own.

This society was the outcome of The Irish National Literary Society which Mr. W. B. Yeats founded early in the nineties. Associated with him from the beginning has been Lady Gregory, whose plays now form an important part of the company's repertoire; while Miss Horniman stepped in as patron, providing them with the little Abbey Theater in Dublin and subsidizing the company through all their early struggles, thus lending her personal assistance until, in fact, this year, when the company became independent.

Mr. Yeats, who stands in a sense as figure-head to this Irish Movement, is sufficiently widely known as a poet to admit

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of a passing reference to him here solely in the capacity of dramatist.

He is the first to state that he does not deliberately write plays for stage presentation; in the early work of Maurice Maeterlinck one finds a somewhat similar case in point: For in such pieces of Mr. Yeats as " The King's Threshold "* —that tale of the sufferings of Seanchan the poet—and his famous " Land of Heart's Desire " the poetic element is at once too strong and too weak from the standpoint of drama. An indefinable sense of symbolism is evident to the mind throughout, so that, though beautiful in the reading, they lose much of their fragile delicacy on the crude boards of a theater. Yet in " Cathleen-ni-Hoolihan," where the Ireland of 1798 is symbolized by an old woman, in " The Hour Glass," a beautiful morality, and in " Deirdre," Mr. Yeats has seriously found his nearest approach to the stage proper.

Thus, speaking purely from the dramatic standpoint, the company's deep indebtedness to Mr. Yeats is rather for his judgment in selection, for his inspiration in matters of production, and for his guidance as artistic director and adviser than for any special direct dramatic contribution.

Let us turn, therefore, for a moment to the work of Lady Gregory, who has assumed the position, a most essential one, of comic muse.

Many of her plays are in one act, and a volume† comprising seven may fairly be considered as representative. Here in two instances does the jester assume the right of appearing in serious garb. " The Travelling Man " holds a place apart, since it is a miracle play of exquisite simplicity; " The Gaol Gate " also amply justifies its inclusion. Written in a curious hidden rhythm half woven into prose, it gives to the sensitive spectator a vivid impression of the two poor women coming to the gaol gate to await the release of a son who proves to have been unjustly hanged. But it is rather of the authoress in lighter vein that I would treat. There can be little question that however farcical may seem "Spreading the News," however deftly humorous " The Rising of the Moon," however artistically absurd the crescendo and diminuendo quarrelings of the two old patients in " Workhouse Ward," " Hyacinth Halvey " is the gem of this collection; and here again one is driven to realize

* *Collected Works.* By W. B. Yeats. Dublin: Maunsel & Co.
† *Seven Short Plays.* By Lady Gregory. Dublin: Maunsel & Co.

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the practical impossibility of conveying by means of a brief sketch of the story any adequate idea of the atmosphere and impression obtained from a piece that depends on characteristics rather than character, and inflections physical and vocal to illuminate the dialogue.

Hyacinth Halvey is a young man who comes from Carrow to "the little town of Cloon," applying for the post of sub-sanitary inspector. He brings with him a walletful of spurious testimonials from every casual acquaintance and prejudiced relative, specimens of which are read aloud by the local police sergeant to an admiring crowd, as Mrs. Delane the postmistress, remarks:

"So he is one Hyacinth Halvey; and, indeed, if all that is said of him is true, or if a quarter of it is true, he will be a credit to this town."

"*Mr. Quirke.* Is that so?"

"*Mrs. Delane.* Testimonials he has by the score. To Father Grogan they were sent. Registered they were coming and going. Would you believe me telling you they weighed up to three pounds?"

"*Mr. Quirke.* There must be a great bulk of them indeed."

"*Mrs. Delane.* It is no wonder he is to get the job. He must have a great character, so many persons to write for him as what there did."

"*Fardy Farrell.* It would be a great thing to have a character like that."

"*Mrs. Delane.* Indeed, I am thinking it will be long before you get the like of it, Fardy Farrell."

"*Fardy.* If I had the like of that of a character, it is not here carrying messages I would be. It's at Noonan's Hotel I would be driving cars."

Here are a few specimens of the testimonials:

"*Sergeant (reading).* He possesses the fire of the Gaul, the strength of the Norman, the vigor of the Dane, the stolidity of the Saxon."

"*Hyacinth.* It was the chairman of the Poor Law Guardians wrote that."

"*Sergeant.* A magnificent example to old and young—"

"*Hyacinth.* That was the Secretary of the De Wet Hurling Club."

"*Sergeant.* A shining example of the value conferred by an eminently careful and high-class education—"

"*Hyacinth.* That was the National Schoolmaster."

"*Sergeant.* Devoted to the highest ideals of his Motherland to such an extent as is compatible with an hitherto non-parliamentary career—"

"*Hyacinth.* That was the member for Carrow."

"*Sergeant.* A splendid exponent of the purity of the race—"

"*Hyacinth.* The Editor of *The Carrow Champion.*"

"*Sergeant.* Admirably adapted for the efficient discharge of all possible duties that may in future be laid upon him."

"*Hyacinth.* The new Station Master."

"*Sergeant.* A champion of every cause that can legitimately benefit his fellow-creatures. Why, look here, man, you are the very one to come to our assistance to-night."

"*Hyacinth.* I would be glad to do that. What way can I do it?"

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"*Sergeant.* You are a new-comer—your example would carry weight. You must stand up as the living proof of the beneficial effect of high character, moral fiber, temperance. I am sure I saw 'unparalleled temperance' in some place."

"*Hyacinth.* It was my mother's cousin wrote that: I am no drinker, but I haven't the pledge taken."

So poor Hyacinth is to stand forward as a fine example at the lecture on "The Building of Character," while "a few corner boys from Noonan's bar, just as they are, greasy and sodden," are to be requisitioned in a group of hideous contrast!

But Hyacinth Halvey cannot live up to this. It is too much. He fervently wishes he had never left Carrow where he had "comrades, and an odd spree and a game of cards and a coursing match on," and so he commissions Fardy Farrell, the scapegrace post-boy, into a conspiracy for the losing of this fictitious character and the disillusionment of the people of Cloon. First it is a dead sheep he steals, hanging as it was on Mr. Quirke's wall, thus finally winning for himself the blessings of Heaven from the old man for having providentially saved him from being caught by the police with bad meat about the place! Frustrated in this escapade, it is a half-crown that he next appropriates with sacrilegeous intent from the Protestant Church—the "china egg" half-crown, so to speak—which the sergeant ultimately recognizes in Fardy's possession as the perennial coin that has its habitation in the plate for the inspiring of Sabbatical generosity. And this delicious farce ends in a scene where Hyacinth Halvey, in swearing publicly he robbed the church of two-and-six and gave it to Fardy Farrell, is borne off on the shoulders of the assembled crowd amidst wild cheering. For Mr. Quirke's theory has found general acceptance—namely, that any idea of Mr. Halvey having stolen it was ludicrous in view of the testimonials and that in reality he is

"The preserver of the poor! Talk of the Holy Martyrs! They are nothing at all to what he is! Will you look at him! To save that poor boy he is going! To say he himself did the robbery he is going! To gaol he is going! . . . doing all that, I tell you, to save the character of a miserable slack lad that rose in poverty!"

Acted with the inimitable humor of the Irish company, this is surely one of the wittiest of farces we have seen for

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many years—witty, literary, and human without a touch of the vulgar or a blemish of the cheap. But in a short survey of so wide a field as my title covers, I cannot enter into further detail regarding this delicious vintage of farce marked with such distinctive character.

Lady Gregory has also to her credit "The Image," a play in three acts, and "The White Cockade," but mention of these must give place to a passing comment upon another side of her work, "The Kiltartan Molière."*

Three plays of Molière have been happily selected for impressionistic translation: "L'Avare," "Le médecin malgré lui," and "Les fourberies de Scapin" are alike treated in what has come to be familiarly known, even to the extent of parody, as the Kiltartan English. To any who may object to these free colloquial translations, be it either upon esthetically artistic or classically academic grounds, the adapter can point to a weighty defense of her methods by Professor Maurice A. Gerothwohl, Litt.D., Professor of the Romance Languages at Dublin University, who was well known as being associated with the Théâtre Libre movement under Antoine's jurisdiction.

He says:

"I see no reason why the main scenes and business of 'The Miser,' for instance, which we find already in Roman garb in Plautus, then again in Italian garb in Lorenzo de' Medici or Ariosto, just as the main scenes and business of the 'Rogueries,' which are first to be found in Roman garb in Terence's 'Phormio,' supplemented by a few Italian additions in a farce called 'Pantalone,' should not find a congenial setting in Galway County. . . .

"In plays such as 'The Miser' or 'The Rogueries,' both the plots and characterization are so universal, alike in their conception and moral application, that no change in scenery or idiom would impair them, as I think, in the slightest degree."

In conclusion, it should be added that all the traditional business in presentation and stage direction as handed down for generations at the Comédie Française has been scrupulously maintained by Mr. Yeats.

But at this point it is essential for us to realize the full significance of the work left us by that dramatist who, through the medium of Ireland, found a sincerely artistic expression of life as reflected by a temperament that was sensitive to a point of genius—I refer to the late John M.

* *The Kiltartan Molière.* Dublin: Maunsel & Co.

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Synge, whose death some two years ago removed a landmark from the European drama of our day.

No one can be witness of "Riders to the Sea," that most poignant tragedy in one act, without feeling a sense of the absolute, a sense of artistic unity and dramatic expression to which it is hard to find an equal. The art of the one-act play is in a degree essentially similar to that of the short story, since both are dependent on a sudden imposition of atmosphere at the outset. In this respect Guy de Maupassant may be named a master, though perhaps neither he nor Mr. Rudyard Kipling attain to the same perfection as Edgar Allan Poe in such a tale, for instance, as *The Fall of the House of Usher*. So it is with Synge. What the dramatist of tragedy considers his prerogative in a fourth or fifth act —that condensing of dialogue leaving much to the mind of the spectator, by then warmed to his part in the play—John Synge assumes in fearlessness with a piece in one act.

Another point of marked individuality with Synge is found in the language of the plays, a language he has learned from fisher folks in the Aran Islands,* from tinkers of County Wicklow, and wanderers of western Ireland, and which has been passed through the mint of his art until new inflections and a new rhythm of speech have found their coinage. Some of the more prosaic may question the realism of this, but to those who understand Synge such questioning is immaterial—much in the same degree as objections raised to coincidences in *Lavengro* and *The Romany Rye*, where Mr. Augustine Birrell stands defender for all true Borrovians.

In "The Well of the Saints,"† that striking comedy of the two blind beggars and the priest who would fain miraculously heal them, we find perhaps the truest expression of Synge, his artistic and philosophic attitude toward life and nature, and our human valuations thereof. What can be more intrinsically beautiful than the defense of Martin Doul's blind philosophy:

"Ah, it's ourselves had finer sights. . . . I'm telling you when we were sitting a while back hearing the birds and bees humming in every weed of the ditch, and when we'd be smelling the sweet, beautiful smell does be rising in the warm nights, when you do hear the swift flying things racing in the air till we'd be looking up in our own minds into a grand sky and seeing lakes and big rivers and fine hills for taking the plow. . . . . I'm thinking it's a good right ourselves have to be sitting blind, hearing a

* *The Aran Islands.* Dublin: Maunsel & Co.

† J. M. Synge. Complete Works in four volumes.

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soft wind turning round the little leaves of spring, and we not tormenting our souls with the sight of the gray days, and the holy men, and the dirty feet is trampling the world."

To a chance votary of the realistic school this may not seem to be surface drama. But it is the true drama of the mind and of the soul, the drama Mr. Henri Bataille summarized as "Le drame des Consciences et du Destin," the drama of human effort and limitation. "The Well of the Saints" is as great a dramatic achievement as Ibsen's "Wild Duck"; for when we reach the fundamentals the similarity is more than striking, the differences appearing rather those of environment in method and the resultant form of artistic expression selected. And so with Synge we pass from the brooding mists of "The Shadow of the Glen," through the calm twilight of "The Well of the Saints," till we meet the tragic sunshine of that now famous comedy, "The Playboy of the Western World"; and there still remains to us "Deirdre of the Sorrows," his posthumous play, where the fatalistic legend is reset—albeit with the full strength of tragedy—in a poetic atmosphere of gray and distant hills.

As for "The Tinker's Wedding," it is not of much account; while from the artistic standpoint "Riders to the Sea" must ever stand his masterpiece.

Thus throughout all his work, dramatic and otherwise, there is the same blend of sympathy and philosophy, of observation and selection, of light and shade, that go to form the equipment essential to a great dramatist.

Only half a dozen plays bear his name, but they are of more permanent value than a score of London's so-called "New Drama" productions, mostly heralded by individual tub-thumpers and ranters, who seem to reck little of any purpose so long as the critics and the "Philistines" express disapproval and a mentally vegetarian following their rapturous applause. For at no time so totteringly as today has the English public stood between the devil of insincerity and the deep sea of mediocrity: after repeatedly being informed that the plays it has joyfully attended for generations are not worth the proverbial tinker's curse, the public timidly looks in a new direction; and to the indiscriminating it is hard to differentiate between the two or three real dramatists of worth and those who have shed the cloak of drama and the mask of comedy for the shirt-

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sleeves of the pamphleteer. In such a high-art hubbub as it is, England in the wide sense may well rest peacefully honored of John Millington Synge.

Although to Mr. Yeats, to Lady Gregory, and, most of all, *quâ* dramatist, to John Synge, the Irish National Theater owes the position that it holds to-day, this sketch, brief as it necessarily is, would be incomplete without some passing mention of certain other authors whose plays figure in the Abbey Theater repertoire, as also in the series of Abbey Theater plays, for which associated publications Messrs. Maunsel of Dublin stand as sponsor.

Mr. William Boyle, author of several poems and stories, has contributed two plays—"The Mineral Workers" and "The Building Fund." The latter piece provides a rich vein of humor that is a veritable mine for such expert workmen as the Irish actors.

The theme shows us the attitude of the farmer toward the heavy demands of the Church, an old woman and the making of her will forming the foreground to the picture.

Mr. Boyle, like many of his literary compatriots, is a government official. He was also one of the distinguished company of founders of the Irish Literary Society of London.

Mr. Padraic Colum, in "The Land" and in "Thomas Muskerry," has written for the people plays essentially of the people. By that I would emphasize that whereas Synge, for example, wrote plays of Ireland, they were plays for Dublin, for London, for Europe and America, inasmuch as Ireland but chanced to be the medium for his dramatic and philosophic self-expression. But in "Thomas Muskerry," that tragic episode of the old master of Garrisowen Workhouse, we have an intimate localization that is essentially national.

"The Land" is a faithful reproduction of typical life in the Irish Midlands, and is subtly propagandist, containing, as it does, a distinct note of protest against the gradual exhaustion of the country by emigration to the United States.

However, Mr. Colum's plays give the impression of being somewhat thin, and at times his technique is a trifle obvious, especially to the reader; though the work bears the stamp of sincere fidelity, it lacks something in selection and coloring, in richness and depth.

Mr. S. L. Robinson, in "The Cross Roads," shows us altogether a stronger piece of work. In this story of Ella

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McCarthy, who, after a three years' course in Dublin life and "Debating Club Talk about Ireland," gives it all up to "do something for Ireland" in the country place she came from, there are the vital elements of tragedy. The dialogue is forceful, and in the last unhappy act, where all her theories of improvement are shown fortuitously shattered in the practice, she still remains true to herself and her ideal—even in the face of "a hard, dark road to travel, but foot it I must to the bitter end." Mr. Robinson is also the author of "Harvest," and holds at present the position of manager to the company.

Among other contributors to the repertoire must be mentioned Mr. Norreys Connell, one time manager, and a new author, Mr. T. C. Murray, who added another tragedy in "Birthright." Lord Dunsany has also attuned his fantastic imagination to dramatic themes, and it will be interesting to note the effect on an American audience of that most striking curtain to "The Glittering Gate" which left the Court Theater half stunned by its very daring. A translation of Maeterlinck's "Interior" has also been performed from time to time; but in conclusion I must now add one word regarding the acting.

Firstly, there is the delicious accident of Irish speech, the intonations, the inflections, and, in more symbolic passages, the sense of distance that it lends to the mind.

Mr. A. B. Walkley, of the *Times,* so clearly expressed this effect in his criticism of the then little company of amateurs which came to a London suburban hall in May, 1903. To reread this piece of criticism,* to which they undoubtedly are indebted for the foundation of London's annual welcome, is of deep interest both in regard to the initial stages of the company as also to the strengthening of one's admiration for the critic. It was the same critic who so aptly summed up their production of Mr. Shaw's much-censored Western melodrama as the effect of a stringed orchestra performing a piece written for a brass-band. We find in the acting the same sincerity of purpose and expression that we have come to look for in the plays; no devastating "star parts" break the harmony of a company which acts as a unit intent on the just interpretation of their author. And in this school of acting, with its quiet restraint and simplicity in tragedy, its spontaneity in comedy, its fresh exuberance in farce,

* *Drama and Life.* By A. B. Walkley. Methuen.

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we attain a realism that seems reality in the absolute if it were not for our knowledge of the study and the art that lie concealed beneath. And what a welcome relief it is to find a company devoid of self-consciousness, of posturings, and those ghastly affectations that form the scrip and scrippage of many a "star" on either side of the Atlantic! To select any special players would seem almost an invidious task, but Miss Maire O'Neill as Nora in "The Shadow of the Glen," as Pegeen Mike in "The Playboy," and as "Deirdre" is surely the perfect embodiment of Synge's imagination; while Miss Sarah Allgood as old Maurya in "Riders to the Sea," and as Mary Doul in "The Well of the Saints," leaves no touch of character, of pathos, or humor undefined.

Mr. Arthur Sinclair is, perhaps, seen to the best advantage as old blind Martin Doul in "The Well of the Saints"; Mr. J. M. Kerrigan shows us the many-sided "Playboy" with deliciously humorous characteristic and a fine conception of the value of the poetical scene in the third act, but he stands in danger of losing something of his freshness and early vigor through the more conscious appreciation of his art.

With such a company as this it is needless to enlarge upon the vital importance of a *théâtre intime*, since much of their finesse and the careful engraving of detail would pass unnoticed in the average-sized playhouse of this continent.

For Mr. Yeats and Lady Gregory it has been a long-cherished ambition to take the Irish company to America, and now the time and opportunity have come. It is a curious coincidence that Miss Horniman's present company is also due early in next year to cross the Atlantic for a repertory season in Montreal. Those who appreciate the importance of good drama, be it comedy, tragedy, or farce, those who understand the vital necessity of individual members of a company combining as a unit for the common good—instead of crudely scrapping for the lime-light—will watch with an interest not untouched by anxiety the verdict here awaiting two such ventures, which in their respective spheres have been so wide in influence, so broad in scope.

JOHN EDWARD HOARE.

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WHERE ARCHAEOLOGY COMES IN

AN OPEN SESAME

BY ARTHUR L. FROTHINGHAM

I

A FEW years ago in Philadelphia Mr. Henry C. Lea asked a friend, "What is Archæology?" This question from one of the foremost of American humanistic scholars, whom, in fact, a prominent French savant characterized to the present writer as "the greatest of living historians," implies that even in the mind of men of unusual breadth of culture there lingers in this respect a certain haziness.

This is hardly to be wondered at when even among specialists in America there seems to be discord: when many anthropologists are satisfied that archæology is a perquisite of the prehistoric ages, while authorities in the Greco-Latin field are apt to regard classical antiquities as the only proper theme of archæology.

The answer given to Mr. Lea's question was that "Archæology is the History of Civilization told through its Monuments." Even this definition narrows the field possibly more than is strictly advisable, for Archæology, or, in English parlance, the Science of Antiquities, is the broadest, most human and progressive of sciences. Its scope includes man and his history, the material things he has produced, the causes that produced them, the stories they tell, and the feelings they evoke. New discoveries are constantly adding to its material, opening up fresh fields, and forcing revisions of opinion. Such studies as religion and mythology, history, politics and economics, arts and industries, manners and customs, now depend largely on archæology for progress not only in material but in method. Archæology is twin sister to Literature: the one dealing with thought transmuted into things, the other with thought translated into words. Of the

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two, Archæology is the more direct and reliable historic source, because it is the natural, impersonal, collective expression of an entire people, whereas Literature compacted of the voices of single men, is humanity seen through temperaments, and, therefore, is limited and prejudiced: in this consists its danger as well as its value and fascination. A figured monument gives us nothing but the truth: it is non-partisan. Written words harbor many untruths, whether intentional or involuntary. A real archæologist must, then, be the most broad, sensitive, keen, and profound of scholars; a historian, religious philosopher, philologian, critic, and art-lover all in one. Such archæologists are born, not made, yet they can be perfected only by infinite pains, and, like the great scientists, they are creators.

Two things must be considered in a survey of this field: materials and methods.

The excavations that have given us the skulls of the earliest men, the rock-pictures some fifteen or twenty thousand years old, and the earliest fashioned implements and potteries are archæology's contribution to anthropology and pre-history. For the age when historic civilizations began, at the close of the Neolithic Age, after 5000 or 4000 B.C., it is only necessary, in order to realize the revolution brought about by archæology, to pick out any ancient history written more than seventy years ago, such as Rollin's, and compare it with one written during the last two or three decades.

Since 1840 or 1850 archæology has practically created for us four thousand years of history: a new heaven as well as a new earth for the pre-Hellenic world. Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, the Hittites have emerged from an almost Cimmerian darkness. We can now decipher their writings, read their literature, reconstruct their annals, religion, and life, while looking into the faces of the men and women of their race. The Northern races that entered so much later into the arena and yet were even more intangible than these Eastern nations are being unveiled by archæology: Goths, Scandinavians, Celts, Gauls, Slavs, and Germans, from the mountains of Armenia and the Caucasus to Brittany, are being shown by their archæological remains as either half yielding to the influence of Greece and Rome or maintaining their primitive integrity. Our science is helped at times by literature, but often it is obliged to seek unaided for an answer in these fields of the primitive and undeveloped

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races. This illustrates how much broader as well as more faithful it is than literature.

Babylonia and Assyria may be used as an instance of the way in which results have been obtained. Their literature, written in curious wedge-shaped characters, elaborately combined, which are called cuneiform, was preserved mainly on clay tablets or cylinders, where they were inscribed with a sharp instrument before the clay was baked. These are supplemented by occasional monumental historic or religious inscriptions cut in stone. All of this literature was hidden underground. None of it had ever been read; the few pieces that had been seen were not supposed ordinarily to be writing at all, but mere decorative designs. The earliest important step was taken when Sir Henry Rawlinson copied and published the colossal trilingual inscription of King Darius on the rock of Behistun (1847-51), in Persian, Median, and Assyrian. This led, between 1850 and 1860, to the gradual mastering of the script and language of the three peoples and to that of the Babylonians as well. The excavations begun in 1842 at the palace of the Assyrian King Sargon, at Khorsabad, by Botta, and those at Nineveh, and Kalah by Layard, a few years after, furnished new inscriptions, but especially archæological material. Each Assyrian king was found to have built a new palace, whose ruins were uncovered. Line upon line of sculptured reliefs were found against the walls, gigantic animals guarding the portals, long inscriptions with the royal annals.

In the throes of artistic and archæological interest these first excavators lost sight of the value of the inscribed records. George Smith, years later, returned to the site of Layard's labors to unearth once more the royal library of Assurbanipal, whose thousands of tablets are now in the British Museum. It was formed shortly after 700 B.C., by the king's savants, largely from ancient sources. Assyriologists found in this carefully classified and varied library materials for reconstructing the dynasties of Babylonian and Assyrian kings, the religious systems and myths, the social, economic, juridic, and literary conditions, the methods of instruction, and the smallest matters of daily business. Even the vocabularies and exercise-books for beginners were recovered.

It soon became evident that the source for everything Assyrian was to be sought in Babylonia, from whose li-

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braries so many of the Assyrian documents had been copied. For two or three thousand years before Assyria became a nation Babylonia had possessed an advanced civilization. For the past twenty years, therefore, excavations have been concentrated on the ruins of Babylonian cities, such as Babylon itself, Nippur, and Telloh, hidden under formless mounds of sand. Cognate civilizations have been studied at the same time, especially that of Elam and Persia at Susa, and that of the Hittites at their source in Cappadocia (Boghaz-Keui), not to mention work in Phœnicia and Palestine. In these later excavations archæologists have shown a gradual improvement in methods of research, so that they now remove the débris of an ancient city in successive layers, corresponding to different periods in its history, labeling and keeping together whatever is found on the same level, after making photographs and drawings, so that the tale of each period is clearly told. Among the earliest instances of this method are the excavations of Troy by Schliemann and Dörpfeld, but it is to the example of Flinders-Petrie in Egypt that we owe the greatest debt.

Archæology, therefore, furnished practically all the material for the reconstruction by modern scholars of the civilizations of Babylonia, Assyria, and the Hittites. One may say the same of ancient Egypt ever since the days of the Archæological Commission of Napoleon and the decipherment of the Rosetta stone. There is, however, the difference that in this case the artistic more decisively dominate the literary records in the new discoveries, and that one really enters into the spirit and life of ancient Egypt not by reading translations of Egyptian documents, but by studying the reliefs and paintings of the tombs, the pyramids, and the temples of Karnac, Luxor, Edfu, Philæ, and Ipsambul, and the myriad works of minor art and industry in which Egypt led the world.

At the present moment archæology is busy forging the missing links that connected these ancient civilizations of Babylonia and Egypt with the Greeks of the Mycenæan and Homeric ages and the early Italians. It is finding them in the "hundred cities" of ancient Crete, where royal palaces are being excavated as elaborate as those of the kings of Babylonia and Assyria. Here also the English archæologists were the pioneers, and Evans has been followed by Italians and Americans. Here seems to have been, in the

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fabled age of King Minos after the Neolithic Age, the origin of an Ægean civilization older than 2500 B.C., which spread along the shores of the Mediterranean. Several new scripts and one or more languages were in use, which it will require years to decipher. In this way we obtain the right perspective for Schliemann's spectacular discoveries at Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Troy, which take their place in a long and complicated era of early culture, parallel with those of Egypt, Babylonia, and the Hittites.

After this, in the main currents of historic development, archæology must share with literature the credit of picturing the past. Yet we hardly realize, perhaps, how little Greece would be the Greece we visualize if we were to depend entirely on her literature, eliminating her architecture and her sculpture, the embodiments of her sense of beauty, and the minor arts which give the picture of Greek dress, jewelry, arms, and furniture, with all those concrete details of the daily life, the games and wars, the religious ceremonies, and the thousand and one things that literature leaves untold while telling us so much. Even Greek literature itself owes most of its recent slender additions to the work of the archæologists who have unearthed the papyri preserved in the sands of the Fayûm.

History repeats itself in the case of ancient Italy. For the pre-Roman age there is almost nothing but archæology to teach us what happened during a period of at least five or six centuries, when Siceliots, Umbrians, Etruscans, Celts, and other peoples succeeded one another in the peninsula. The story is still inchoate, but we can see interesting proofs of contact and commercial relations with Phœnicia and Greece and of the origins and early interaction of Rome and her neighbors. When we reach the later periods of Roman history, archæology takes an even larger place than in Greece as an expositor of civilization, because of the greater variety of monuments of art that remain. There is a great change from those days of the eighteenth century and before when the monuments served but to illustrate literature. Of course there are still many cases in which archæology contributes out of its abundance to the philologian or the historian. The Testament of Augustus, in which he summarizes his entire career, is an archæological discovery inscribed on a wall at Ancyra; it is the most important historical document of the

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empire. The speech of the Emperor Claudius at Lyons in which he outlined the policy of giving Roman citizenship to non-Italians—so fundamental to Roman greatness—was found on a bronze tablet. These are examples of archæology's numerous contributions to Latin literature. So is the formula of the oath of allegiance to the divine Augustus found in Asia Minor, which would alone explain why the attitude of the Christians in placing obedience to God above that to the Emperor made the persecutions perfectly logical.

Here it may be as well to explain the relation of art to archæology, about which there is much popular confusion.

All works of architecture, sculpture, and painting, of the industrial arts and numismatics, everything from a tombstone to an ivory carving or an illuminated manuscript, belongs to the domain of archæology. It is impossible to say where art ends and archæology begins, because art is merely one section of the subject. The same work must be considered both archæologically and esthetically. A Greek vase, with its lesson in mythology or daily life, is both a work of art and a bit of archæological material; the ruins of a Roman villa or of the imperial thermæ are not only wonderful pieces of architectural composition and structure, but are quite as illuminating for the daily life of the Romans as the letters of Cicero or the plays of Martial. It is no longer permissible to treat the monuments merely as illustrations of literature: they are an independent study.

The process by which a work of art is characterized and given its proper place, whether it is temple, cathedral, statue, or painted vase, is made up of elements both esthetic and archæological. For instance, the use of literary texts, of historical documents, of deductions from site, structure, circumstances of find, are all in the archæological domain. Also when generalizations as to the character of the artistic development of any period or style are made, as in the case of Greek sculpture or Gothic architecture, nearly all the elements for the construction of a theory of artistic evolution are archæological. By their means the monuments are marshaled in ordered array, each made to take its place and yield its secret. In other words, without archæology as a basis and coefficient, esthetics would not exist except in the form of subjective effusions of doubtful value.

It is, then, archæology which creates the History of Art.

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Of course it is, conversely, true that complete appreciation either of a single work of art or of any group cannot be secured without the element of esthetic understanding which every true archæologist should possess. There is, however, a curious popular custom which inclines to call "archæological" what seems not to be beautiful. For example, we speak of Early Christian *archæology* when we refer to the works of art created during the first centuries of the Church, because art was then more instructive than esthetic. But we are apt to refer to medieval *art*, having in mind the beauties of Gothic cathedrals. We never use "archæology" with reference to the works of the Renaissance, which was so devoted to the cult of beauty for its own sake that we classify all of its products under the title of "art." And yet both terms are used of Greek products. A handbook of Greek Archæology includes the whole of what one finds in a History of Greek Art, with the addition of a few chapters, perhaps, on works of industrial art. Yet, as between the Greek and the Renaissance periods, there can be no doubt that greater esthetic sense was shown in Greek works, so that one is forced to conclude that the term "archæological" is used of them merely on account of their greater antiquity!

II

Thus far archæology has been treated as furnishing the materials for exact knowledge of the past through the spade and through close study and observation. But it has done far more than this. It has developed gradually, during the course of a century and a half, certain valuable scientific methods by which to utilize this material and draw from it the most valuable conclusions. With these new methods, of which it borrowed the principles from the exact sciences, it has inoculated the fields of history and philology, helping to rid them of much loose and hypothetical thinking. In fact, it has given a scientific and observational basis to a large part of the field of the Humanities. Its careful application of the inductive and deductive methods in gathering and analyzing masses of material and in using them to formulate results and to state historic laws has made its work often safer than is the case even in some fields of pure science, because its data are more abundant and complete.

This has not only given their full value to what has been discovered, but it has revolutionized the views held of monu-

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ments always seen and known, but never, as we now know, clearly understood. Gothic architecture may be used to point this moral. The old opinion was that it was a free and fantastic product, not subject to any laws, and was to be recognized wherever one saw pointed arcades, doors, and windows. Now we know that the exact opposite is true, and that of all forms of architecture the Gothic was the most logical, the most subject to law; we also know that there are plenty of buildings with pointed arches that are not Gothic, and plenty of buildings without them that are. Formerly we had no artistic criteria by which to date a Gothic building; now we can date almost any such building on internal evidence within twenty or thirty years. Formerly nobody knew where Gothic originated nor how its first steps were taken nor why its peculiar forms were adopted. Now we know exactly in what province of France it originated, what structural principles demanded the system of balanced thrusts which it adopted, and we can follow, decade by decade, the logical evolution of forms as they were worked out to correspond most efficiently to these principles. We can then follow the spread of Gothic throughout France and Europe.

All this is the result of the application of scientific methods of observation to the study of architecture instead of the earlier esthetic vapidities. This does not result in belittling the artistic value of Gothic buildings. Quite the contrary. We can see how the architect experimented with his materials in order to reduce their bulk and attain to the greatest delicacy of form and lightness of proportion; how the early heaviness was gradually discarded under the impulse of this idea until the limit of safety was passed in the wonderful choir of Beauvais Cathedral! By being admitted behind the scenes and being allowed to understand the artists' difficulties and methods, we obtain not only a clearer idea of how a cathedral came to be, but we appreciate more fully its beauty.

What is true of Gothic architecture is true of every branch of art and industry. The real significance of all the material things produced by man, their relation to thought and life and their correlation to one another, is so recent and so blinding that it is hardly as yet understood that any attempt to study the world's past without their help is bound to be futile, misleading, or superficial.

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It is, therefore, customary to consider archæology as a very modern study, and to speak of Winckelmann as its founder after the middle of the eighteenth century. While this is true in a large and critical sense, it is interesting to note that there has been at all times a certain amount of unconscious archæology, and that the work of a student traveler like Pausanias, under the Antonine emperors, is even conscious archæology. As for unconscious archæology, it was particularly influential among races dominated by religious beliefs, myths, and traditions of all kinds. Among them archæology was a living study of great importance, a matter of life and not of curiosity.

When the late Babylonian King Nabonidus, about 550 B.C., stated that he was restoring in the original style a temple built more than two thousand years before him by King Naramsin, he was, or thought he was, doing the work of an archæological scholar. When the Roman priests, under the Antonine emperors, continued to use in their sacrifices only the primitive black earthen cups that had been in use for nearly a thousand years, since before the founding of Rome, they were practical archæologists. When the Emperor Augustus insisted on having copies of the best works of Greek sculpture of different ages and styles made in the exact manner of the originals, including archaic works, he was obliging his sculptors to be archæologists. The Emperor Claudius, who wrote on antiquities and used archaicisms, was lampooned by scurrilous Romans as a pedantic archæologist; and Hadrian, the Philhellene, among his many efforts at resurrecting ancient Hellas, can count the revival of the Pergamene and Alexandrian styles of sculpture. Evidently, also, the Roman collectors of works of Greek art were even better archæologists than the corresponding collectors of the Renaissance, because they understood the significance of the works far better. It would not be difficult to find examples in post-classical times: among medieval miniaturists who reproduced illuminations several centuries old; among Renaissance artists like Michelangelo and Raphael, who were so successful in reincarnating antique forms.

It is a curious fact that the one man who can be pointed to as preceding Winckelmann to a certain extent as a real scientific archæologist is not in the field of classical studies, but in that of Christian archæology. He is Bosio, a Roman

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priest of the seventeenth century (1629), who originated the scientific methods by which the Roman catacombs were made the basis for our study of early Christian life.

Winckelmann's revolutionary idea was the formulation of a philosophy of the history of art and of the theory that works of art and archæology should be studied for their own sakes, instead of as illustrations of ancient literature, and as parts of a well-ordered whole instead of as unrelated objects of curiosity. It appears to be forgotten that what he did for a History of Ancient Art the Frenchman Seroux d'Agincourt attempted immediately after to do for the entire post-classic age. It seems also to be forgotten by many that, while Winckelmann's methods were published between 1760 and 1767, they did not bear full fruit until after the founding at Rome in 1828 of the International Archæological Institute, with its splendid series of publications and its co-ordination of effort. Ottfried Müller gave, in 1830, the synthesis of the new movement in his *Manual of the Archæology of Art*. In the great era of excavation which had been opened by the discovery of Herculaneum in 1719 and continued at Pompeii after 1748, the increased knowledge of Roman art was paralleled by additional revelations regarding Greek sculpture through the bringing to western Europe of the archaic sculptures of Ægina and those of Phigaleia and the Parthenon. Very soon the opening of numerous tombs in Italy disclosed the wonderful minor arts of Hellas and Etruria, especially in jewelry and painted vases.

While these early excavations previous to 1850 were in the nature of looting forays, they afforded to archæologists for the first time a fairly well-rounded survey of the various branches of the art and industry of Greece and of the peoples connected with her. The scholars of the Roman Institute took instant advantage of this, and to their inspiration was largely due the immediate emulation in discovery of France, Germany, and England. Previous centuries had been content to travel and study what was above ground. The new school realized that what was visible was but a small fraction of what could be unearthed. At the same time there was no surcease in exploration. The new science gave different eyes for understanding the things above ground. There were also important regions of Asia Minor, Syria, and Roman Africa which had never been archæologi-

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cally explored. Even now this work has not been completed. The founding of the German and French archæological schools at Athens gave a great impetus to excavation, especially after the spectacular success of Dr. Schliemann at Troy and Mycenæ, and that of the Germans at Olympia. In quick succession came Eleusis, Epidaurus, Delos, and Delphi. In the hands of Austrian, English, and German excavators the Greek cities of Asia Minor gave unexpectedly fruitful finds at Pergamon, Halicarnassus, Miletus, Ephesus, Priene, and Magnesia. At Priene an entire city of the Alexandrian age was laid bare. In several of these Asia Minor cities, and in others whose ruins are above ground, we can also study the amalgamation of Greek and Roman civilization. Then a revelation of the purely Roman work of extending civilization came in the exploration of the abandoned cities of Central Syria and in the study and excavation of those in North Africa through the occupation by the French of Algeria and Tunisia. At the same time the period immediately following, the age of the incubation of Christianity, was revealed in the exploration of the Roman catacombs by De Rossi and his masterly unveiling of their secrets.

The sharpening of the critical and intuitive faculties upon this mass of new material affected, as we saw in the case of Gothic architecture, the attitude of scholars toward the rest of the field, especially those of the Medieval and Renaissance periods, where there was little to uncover, but where application of the new historico-scientific methods effected quite as radical a revolution in the ability to understand and correlate the monuments. Between about 1850 and 1860 it may be said that the New Idea had penetrated every field and was being embodied in the literature of the subject, and especially well in such general histories of the monuments as Kugler and Schnaase. In each country a solid basis was being given to the history and science of the national antiquities by the organization of associations, by congresses, and by the new chairs for teaching the subject at the universities and even the schools. In this process the science and its irresistible trend is everything; the individual is of small account. Yet certain archæologists of the last fifty years emerge as among the greatest scholars that the world has seen, directing the current and setting a permanent seal upon men and things. Such men were

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Mommsen, who practically created the science of Roman antiquities and history; De Rossi, who gave us a complete science of Early Christian archæology; Evans, who has brought into being both the material and the science of Early Ægean civilization. Hundreds are following the paths they have blazed.

In European universities the teaching of archæology as an independent department has long been recognized and is also carried on sometimes, as in the École du Louvre, in connection with large museums. Special courses in Egyptian, Babylonian and Assyrian, Greek in many branches, Roman, Christian, Medieval, and Renaissance monuments in many branches, have been well established for thirty or forty years throughout Europe. Only American institutions have remained indifferent and retrograde. In the rank and file of workers the Germans show the greatest pertinacity in elaborating special themes; the French are paramount in clear-eyed and facile exposition without loss of scholarship.

There is increasing danger, however, in the craze for specialization which has been invading all professions and pursuits, and a study of French methods and temperament is the best antidote. It cannot be too strongly felt that there will always be discoveries and visions from analogy and comparison hidden from the *specializing* archæologist who cannot draw suggestions from the enormous field outside of his specialty; just as there will be truths denied to the insight of the *generic* archæologist, because life is too short for him to delve into the minutiæ of certain fields in which he is interested owing to the very breadth of his studies. It is a question of relative values. Certainly it is the archæologist of considerable breadth whose work will be of most real and lasting value, though the practical man who merely directs excavations and the man who carefully describes and labels a particular monument or a special class are both indispensable. There are exceptional men, like Flinders-Petrie and Evans, who can do all of these things.

While there is but little excuse for the lack of instruction in this field in America, there is an evident explanation—or rather there are several explanations. In the first place, patriotism has played a big rôle in the archæological awakening of Europe: the stimulus was given in large part by the wish to elucidate national monuments. With us there is no

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material of the sort; our interest must be purely academic. Then it will be granted that if the basis of an understanding of the subject must be contact with the monuments, we are and must always be at a serious disadvantage. While the rapid increase in our public and private collections promises a tolerable opportunity for a future familiarity with *movable* works, we not only cannot hope to overtake European collections, but our distance from the whole field of the immovable monuments sets up a barrier that only temporary expatriation can occasionally overcome.

Aside from our special conditions, it is clear that in all archæological instruction there must be the closest interrelation with the work of certain other departments. A prerequisite to admission to courses in archæology and the history of art must be acquaintance with the history and, wherever possible, with the literature of the period. For advanced courses a knowledge of religion and mythology, laws and institutions, manners and customs is necessary. It is well understood in Europe that this study is advisable in the years corresponding to our undergraduate period,because it is the only study in the humanistic field which not only trains the esthetic sense, but all the powers of observation.

For the immediate establishment of post-graduate courses there is the special practical incentive of our absolute lack of trained specialists to take charge of the museums that have been and will be founded in our larger cities and even in such small cities as Worcester. Such specialists can be produced only by means of the same university training which is freely offered in Europe. Unless this is done, our museums will suffer and be forever crippled. One strong university department of this character might effect a revolution. But it must be established where a large museum can constantly be referred to, and it must also be provided with enough traveling fellowships to allow each student of promise, who intends to take a degree in archæology in order to qualify as teacher or curator, to study the monuments themselves for one if not for two years. From such a center there would spread the New Idea that archæology is not a means, but an end; not an esthetic excrescence or a by-product of the body educational, but a science both independent and fundamentally interrelated with other humanistic studies and worthy of an important niche in the educational Hall of Fame. ARTHUR L. FROTHINGHAM.

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A GREAT ENGLISH PORTRAIT-PAINTER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

England has no great portrait-painter of the Renaissance to put beside those of Italy, of the Low Countries, and of Spain. If her brave men and fair women of the first part of the seventeenth century still live on canvas, it is mainly thanks to a foreign artist who found early that the English could pay, though they could not paint. They could also use the pen if not the brush. Neither Sir Joshua nor Gainsborough later, not even Vandyke or Velasquez or Titian, could have painted English gentlemen more grandly or more imperishably than did Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon.

He has painted himself at full length, at very great length, with a power and an insight not uncomparable to the best in the Uffizi chamber of self-portraiture. Side by side with his great history runs the slighter current of his own life, slighter, but clearer, gayer, more vivid, with less ample curve, less solid majesty, as a plain prose outline by a finished poem.

He was a man who mingled early with great people and great things and liked to look upward; for he "never knew one man, of what condition soever, arrive to any degree of reputation in the world who made choice of or delighted in the company or conversation of those who were inferior or in their parts not much superior to himself." It was thus that he sought the society of Selden, of Cowley, of Carew, of Ben Jonson, who knew the human heart and perhaps taught his young friend some of its secrets. Of Selden, Hyde says, simply (writing as usual in the third person), "He always thought himself best when he was with him."

Then there came days of trouble in England, and Hyde was in the thick of it, so that no man ever lived who had more chance of seeing good sides of human nature, bad sides, all sides, than he. He not only saw, but acted with hand and

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brain. He loved freedom, but he also loved old, sacred things, and stood for the Crown, if not always for the King. His masters made him Lord Chancellor, and listened to his advice, and sometimes heeded it, and sometimes not, and perhaps might not have profited even if they had.

Then came ruin and despair and exile. And Hyde was often wise and always faithful. With the Restoration he grew very great and was honest at heart and strove against the overwhelming stream of corruption about him perhaps as effectually as one man could. "Had it not been for the firmness of the Earl of Clarendon the liberties of the nation had been delivered up," says the blunt Burnet. And Pepys: "I am mad in love with my Lord Chancellor, for he do comprehend and speak out well and with the greatest easiness and authority that ever I saw man in my life. . . . He spoke indeed excellent well; . . . his manner and freedom of doing it as if he played with it, and was informing only all the rest of the company, was mighty pretty."

Here we begin to detect the weaknesses, as, indeed, they may be detected in the man's own account of himself. He was haughty and unapproachable, "a man not to be advised, thinking himself too high to be counseled," says Pepys again. Worse still, damnably worse, to Charles the Second's thinking, he was tedious. Says Burnet: "He was also all that while giving the King many wise and good advices, but he did it too much with the air of a governor or a lawyer." What the King felt about it Clarendon himself lets us see, involuntarily, when he writes of the Stuarts in general: "They did not love the conversation of men of many more years than themselves, and thought age not only troublesome but impertinent." And I say to myself, Polonius, oh, Polonius, for all the world! Polonius was wise and shrewd and really full of good counsel. But he was tedious. And that other great painter, Saint-Simon, also played a weary Polonius to the mad Duke of Orleans.

So the King's patience gave out at last. That of others had given out long before. The Chancellor made a good fight, recovering himself again and again when no recovery seemed possible. But his enemies were too many for him, and succeeded in driving him once more into exile, from which he never returned. He bore himself bravely, which was well. And prided himself on it, which was perhaps less well. He himself says: "The truth is the Chancellor was guilty of

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that himself which he had used to accuse Archbishop Laud of, that he was too proud of a good conscience." Nevertheless, he confesses with charming frankness the very one of his faults which was most treasured against him, his love of grandeur, display, extravagance; and admits the folly of his huge new mansion which overshadowed the King's: "He could not reflect upon any one thing he had done of which he was so much ashamed as he was of the vast expense he had made in the building of his house." He "could not find any house to live in except he built one himself (to which he was naturally too much inclined)." And in exile "he remained still so much infected with the delight he had enjoyed" that he was unwilling to sell.

Meantime, thus driven back upon himself, he gave his idle hours to building an even grander mansion in which we can all wander to-day and see a richer collection of portraits than that which made Clarendon House the envy of all contemporaries.

The *History of the Rebellion,* as mere writing, leaves much to be desired. It is not readable. The course of the story is clogged with ill-digested material, letters, petitions, despatches, statutes. Toward the end these diminish in number and the action becomes more closely knit and vigorous. There are in the later volumes many bits of swift and vivid narrative, notably the admirable account of Charles the Second's escape after the battle of Worcester. Still, to make any continuous and steady progress in the book requires a reader of patience and perseverance. Even in the great battle-pieces the historian is by no means at his best. They are confused, slow, lacking in tense and salient situations. Now and then a gorgeous high light strikes a fair head or a glittering cuirass, but the general course of things is lost in smoke.

For Clarendon has not only the Elizabethan cumbrousness in the conduct of his story, he has the Elizabethan inarticulateness. He may have known Dryden, if he condescended to look down so far. He knew nothing of that inimitable march of common prose which Dryden learned from French clarity and native wit. Clarendon has often Milton's grandeur. He also has too often Milton's heaviness and a trailing incoherence outdoing Milton's. He himself accuses Selden of "a little undervaluing the beauty of style and too much propensity to the language of antiquity."

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But to eyes of the twentieth century his own writing seems liable to the same accusation. He has sentences of a singular, haunting grace and beauty: "He had no ambition of title or office or preferment, but only to be kindly looked upon and kindly spoken to and quietly to enjoy his own fortune." He has many others which an American schoolboy would be ashamed of, like this wandering concatenation of relatives: "The Prince left a strong garrison there that brought almost all that whole county into contribution, which was a great enlargement to the King's quarters, which now, without interruption, extended from Oxford to Worcester, which important city, with the other of Hereford and those counties, had before been quitted by the rebels." It may be said that such faults should be overlooked in a great writer, but it is precisely because of them that the modern general reader shuns Clarendon and knows nothing of him.

In his political and philosophical view of human affairs at large Clarendon is distinctly a moderate, even a liberal. He prefers the old constitution and traditions of England. He has no love for the extreme vagaries of Puritans in religion or of republicans in matters of state. Yet no one appreciates more clearly than he the errors and excesses of Stuart absolutism, even before the Restoration: "I pray God the almighty justice be not angry with and weary of the government of kings and princes, for it is a strange declension monarchical government is fallen to, in the opinion of the common people within these late years."

It is not, however, with Clarendon's attitude toward life in general that we are here concerned, but with his portrayal of men and women, of the human heart. Though we employ to some extent the phraseology of painting, it is essential to realize the difference between the two methods of representation which Lessing long ago discussed so fruitfully. Lines and colors give us at once the individual face. This words can never do. You may analyze features, you may dissect expressions, you may pile detail upon detail. But the more you elaborate the further you get from unity of effect. The more you charge memory with particular outlines, the less you succeed in producing a complete, definite, permanent image. "The description of a face is a needless thing, as it never conveys a true idea," says Lady Mary Montagu, curtly, but in the main justly.

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No. The art of the word painter is suggestive. Take, in a little different field, the line of Keats,

"Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves."

The landscape artist can render the violets peeping from their leafy covert with infinite delicacy and grace. What he can never render, except as he finds a willing spirit to interpret, is the poet's comment, the world of reflection and emotion contained in the epithet "fast-fading." So with the portrayal of men. The cunning artist who has only words at his disposal will not delay long in trying to convey exactness and completeness of lineament. He will strike out some quick touch of feeling, some hint of passion, some profound association of thought or achievement or desire. This will not always be confined to the spiritual world. It may be intensely physical. But the effect will be an effect of suggestion, not of reproduction. That is the essential point. Thus Shakespeare gives Cassius "a lean and *hungry* look," and Milton's Satan appears not "less than archangel ruined and the excess of glory obscured." Thus Tacitus depicts Otho "stretching out kind hands, flattering the mob, flinging kisses, *doing all things like a slave that he might rule all things.*" Thus Saint-Simon strikes off one of his minor figures, tumbling body and soul together in passionate hurly-burly: "She was starched, made up, always embarrassed, a wit scarce natural, an affected devotion, full of outwardness and odd fashions; in two words, nothing amiable, nothing sociable, nothing natural; tall, straight, an air which wished to impose, yet to be gentle; austere and distinctly verging on the bitter-sweet. No one could get on with her, and she could get on with nothing and nobody. She was charmed to have done with it all and go, and no one had the slightest desire to detain her." Whoever reads Clarendon faithfully will see that in this art of suggestion, of stimulating the imagination, he is one of the richest, the mightiest, the most fruitful of all the great masters of words.

The chief danger which besets the painter of soul is rhetoric. Words are his instruments. He must keep them bright and polished, must get from them all their resources of music and power, study them, profit by them always with fertile variety and endless inspiration. But they must be his servants, not his masters. He must make all this use of them by instinct, as it were, for his eyes, his thoughts, his

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whole heart must be always on his subject. He must be penetrated by it, wrapt in it; it must speak right through him and dominate all his powers of expression in instinctive service. The instant we feel that he is thinking more of his effects than of his characters, that tricks of speech are more to him than secrets of soul, that instant we lose our confidence. He may amuse, he will rarely inspire.

Of course every writer has his rhetorical moments. There are turns in Tacitus, turns in Saint-Simon, that one could wish away. When Clarendon says of the Earl of Arundel that "he resorted sometimes to the court because there only was a greater man than himself, and went thither the seldomer because there was a greater man than himself," we feel that he is even more anxious to show Clarendon's cleverness than Arundel's vanity. But in the really great soul-painters these slips are rare, because their passion for human truth engrosses them beyond anything else. In lesser men the passion for human truth is a less serious matter. Macaulay's *History of England* is as rapid, as brilliant, as absorbing as a well-constructed drama. If only one could rid one's self of the impression that one is watching a clever variety actor doing tricks!

What interests Clarendon is not tricks, but men. To be sure, with him as with Saint-Simon the gift lies quite as much in imaginative portrayal as in moral insight. It is the new word, the old words used new ways, the significant touch, the illuminating flash. But the difference from Macaulay is simply that the other two think of the subject first, of the word only second, if at all.

Nor do I wish to imply that Clarendon's insight is less than his imagination. He could not have painted if he had not seen. The fine secrets, the deeper places of the human heart, are open to him. Gardiner refers to "his usual habit of blundering," and altogether treats him with a good deal of contempt as a rather pompous, rather conventional, rather timid and eminently legal sort of personage. Warburton, Clarendon's earliest commentator, speaks differently: "In the knowledge of human nature (the noblest qualification of the historian) this great author excels all the Greek and Latin historians put together." This is strong language, but the *History* and *Life* go far to justify it. Personally Clarendon had his foibles (Saint-Simon even more so), but I think most of us had rather blunder immortally with him

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than be mortally accurate and commonplace with the industrious Gardiner.

Although Clarendon does his work always with conscientious earnestness, this does not mean that he puts no humor into it. Like Saint-Simon, he saw the oddities, the farcical contrasts between human infirmity and human greatness. Like Saint-Simon, he expressed them with an intense, incisive vigor which makes us sigh even as we smile, or, if you prefer, the other way about. Sometimes, indeed, his humor, like Pepys's, is unintentional, as when he speaks of "Colonel d'Ews, a young man of notable courage and vivacity, who had his leg shot off by a cannon bullet, of which he speedily and very cheerfully died." More often he smiles himself and lets the reader see that he does, though briefly and with compressed lip, as befits a chancellor and one weighted with the charge of state affairs—

"Silent smiles, the gravity of mirth,"

as the old poet calls them. Now it is a dry comment on some solemn scene, like that on Blake's funeral, recalling Voltaire's remark that Admiral Byng was shot *pour encourager les autres:* "He wanted no pomp of funeral when he was dead, Cromwell causing him to be brought up by land to London in all the state that could be; and, according to the method of that time, to encourage his officers to be killed, that they might be pompously buried, he was, with all the solemnity possible, and at the charge of the public, interred in Harry the Seventh's chapel, among the monuments of the kings." Now it is a witty, if cynical, epigram dissecting the heart or brain of some great personage, as of the Earl of Arundel: "He did not love the Scots; he did not love the Puritans, which good qualities were allayed by another negative; he did love nobody else."

In accordance with what I have said above as to the limits of word portraiture, Clarendon is cautious in his attempt to depict physical characteristics. He is much more conservative here than Saint-Simon, who has cruel words for immortalizing ugliness, as in his sketch of Mezières: "Humped both before and behind, his head in his chest far down below his shoulders, hurting you to watch him breathe; mere bones, moreover, and a yellow face that looked like a frog's." Clarendon has nothing of this kind. Yet he has a rough vigor of his own in dealing with the earthy

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frame of even royal personages. Of James the First's death he says: He "fell into a quartan ague, which meeting many humors in a fat, unwieldy body of fifty-four years, in four or five fits carried him out of the world." When soul is to be read by body, he has subtle observations often, as in the case of Sir Henry Vane: "He had an unusual aspect, which, though it might naturally proceed from both father and mother, neither of which were beautiful persons, yet made men think there was somewhat in him of extraordinary; and his whole life made good that imagination." And equally so when soul is not to be read by body, but masks foul evil under bodily simplicity: "He [Goring] could help himself with all the insinuations of doubt, or fear, or shame, or simplicity in his face that might gain belief to a greater degree than I ever saw any man; and could seem the most confounded when he was best prepared, and the most out of countenance when he was best resolved, and to want words and the habit of speaking when they flowed from no man with greater power." Few writers have ever painted more vividly the mighty influence of the soul over the body. Thus Falkland, after the peace between King and Commons was at last broken, "grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly unreserved and affable to all men that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness and incivility, became on a sudden less communicable and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen."

If we wish to compare two great English word-painters in this matter of physical description, we can take Clarendon and Burnet on Lauderdale. Clarendon, like Rembrandt, prefers suggestion, atmosphere, touches the gross, material singularity with vigor, but with speed. "The fatness of his tongue that ever filled his mouth." Burnet, with the flat, brusque energy of Hals, dwells on ugly detail till it takes almost the propostion of monstrosity: "He made a very ill appearance; he was very big; his hair red, hanging oddly about him; his tongue was too big for his mouth, which made him bedew all he talked to."

It is by these brief touches, in both the physical and moral world, that a great artist gets often his most lasting effects, impressions that fix themselves upon the memory and recur

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immortally, not only in association with that special character, but with others whom they fit and illuminate. Here no one has ever equaled Tacitus, whether in the familiar bits, "he would have been thought of all men the most worthy to reign if he had never reigned"; or in those less known: "he could squander, but he could not give"; "he gave, but sparingly, and not as one about to die."

Amplitude, not brevity, is Clarendon's distinguishing characteristic. Yet when he chooses he can fling one sentence at a man that will stick to him forever. "Wilmot was of a haughty and ambitious nature, of a pleasant wit, and an ill understanding, as never considering above one thing at once; but he considered that one thing so impatiently that he did not admit anything else to be worth consideration." Cowley "had an extraordinary kindness for Mr. Hyde [Clarendon himself] till he found he betook himself to business which he believed ought never to be preferred before his company." Selden "would have hindered them [the Parliament], if he could, with his own safety, to which he was always enough indulgent." St. Albans "had that kindness for himself that he thought everybody did believe him."

The historian is more at ease, however, when he takes a little wider sweep. To enumerate, or even to suggest, the elaborate, splendid portraits which fill page after page of both the *Life* and the *History* would be altogether impossible. Will not some one some day pay Clarendon the deserved honor of isolating these from the clogging context, as has been done most successfully in the very similar case of Saint-Simon?

I will at least quote a single specimen, not perhaps one of the most alluring, but finely representative, the full- length of Cottington taken after his death:

"He was a very wise man, by the great and long experience he had in business of all kinds; and by his natural temper, which was not liable to any transport of anger or any other passion, but could bear contradiction and even reproach without being moved or put out of his way, for he was very steady in pursuing what he proposed to himself, and had a courage not to be frighted or amazed with any opposition. . . . He lived very nobly, well served and attended in his house, had a better stable of horses, better provision for sports (especially of hawks, in which he took great delight), than most of his quality, and lived always with great splendor; for though he loved money very well, and did not warily enough consider the circumstances of getting it, he spent it well all ways but in giving, which he did not affect. He was of an excellent humor, and very easy to live with; and, under a grave countenance, covered the most of

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mirth, and caused more than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He never used anybody ill, but used many very well for whom he had no regard: his greatest fault was that he could dissemble and make men mirth and caused more than any man of the most pleasant disposition. He had not very tender affections, nor bowels apt to yearn at all objects which deserved compassion: he was heartily weary of the world, and no man was more willing to die, which is an argument that he had peace of conscience. He left behind him a greater esteem of his parts than love to his person."

If it be inferred from this and some of my other quotations that Clarendon painted common or unlovely natures best, it may be answered that he lived amid the shock of fierce ambitions and cruel selfishness, and for contrast the reader may turn to the much longer and exquisite study of Falkland and to some others in the beginning of the *Life*.

It will be asked, how far was the painter influenced by his own prejudices in painting both dark and bright? Every man is influenced by them; but he, I think, not much further than most of us would be in writing of our own contemporaries. Human character is an unstable thing, an ample, shifting thing, altering with every angle of vision, like a far mountain or a summer cloud. Therefore no study of it is final. Only that made by a man of genius is rich in suggestion and permanent in beauty. When Clarendon analyzes Hampden and Cromwell, we know that we must allow something for cropped crown and steeple-hat. When he says of the Earls of Pembroke and Salisbury that "they had rather the King and his posterity should be destroyed than that Wilton should be taken from the one of them or Hatfield from the other; the preservation of both from any danger they both believed to be the highest point of prudence and politic circumspection" we have to remember that these were Parliamentary commissioners. Likewise the praise of Laud, aptly mingled with shrewd blame, is such as befits the august head of the Episcopal Church. And in the summing-up of the whole matter of Charles I. we admire the historian's ingenuity rather more than his judgment: "If he were not the best King, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments and so much without any kind of vice."

What I miss most in Clarendon, considering the extent of his portraiture, is any elaborate study of women. Did he

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respect them too much, or fear them too much, or despise them too much? Of his own first wife, who died young, he says: "He bore her loss with so great passion and confusion of spirit that it shook all the frame of his resolution." Doubtless out of compliment to her memory, he soon married a second "with whom he lived very comfortably in the most uncomfortable times and very joyfully in those times when matter of joy was administered." Perhaps he thought the privacy of the sex should be considered, even in an age when they did not much consider it themselves.

He certainly did not approve of feminine interference in politics. "There being at that time," he says of the early, better days, "no ladies who had disposed themselves to intermeddle in business"; and, later, of the difficulty of managing the court at Oxford, "the town being full of lords and many persons of the best quality, with very many ladies, who were not easily pleased and kept others from being so." His most bitter opponent under his first master was the Queen, and under his second the royal mistress. Yet of neither has he left any such finished picture as of his male friends and enemies.

How different is this from the way of Tacitus, who touches so many women briefly, as in everything, but masterfully, like the wife of Vitellius, *ultra feminam ferox*. How different especially from Saint-Simon, whose pages swarm with women, delightful or hideous—the Duchesse de Bourgogne, the Duchesse du Maine, the Princesse des Ursins, a hundred others, and, above all, Madame de Maintenon, whom he detested as Clarendon did Lady Castlemaine, but did not therefore refrain from painting in every light and in every shadow. Madame de Maintenon, "whose passion it was to know everything, to meddle in everything, to govern everything." Madame de Maintenon, "who for kinship's sake loved those who had repented much better than those who had nothing of which to repent."

Surely Clarendon's opportunities for studying women were no less than Saint-Simon's. He saw two queens daily, and their ladies, high and low. Doubtless he understood them, or thought he did. But he makes little attempt to have us understand them. Only rarely does he throw off a careless suggestion of some minor figure. There is Mademoiselle de Longueville, who "was looked upon as one of the greatest and richest marriages in France in respect of her

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fortune; in respect of her person not at all attractive, being a lady of a very low stature, and that stature no degree straight." There is Lady Monk, "a woman of the lowest extraction, least wit, and less beauty, who, taking no care for any other part of herself, had deposited her soul with some Presbyterian ministers, who disposed her to that interest." There is the wife of Prince Rupert, who, "from the time she had the first intimation that the King had designed her husband for the command of the fleet, was all storm and fury; and according to the modesty of her nature poured out a thousand full-mouthed curses against all who had contributed to that counsel, . . . but the company she kept and the conversation she was accustomed to could not propagate the reproaches far; and the poor General felt them most, who knew the Chancellor to be his very faithful and firm friend, and that he would not be less so because his wife was no wiser than she was born to be."

Also, as compared with Saint-Simon, it seems to me that Clarendon is less successful in depicting groups of figures—that is, great historical scenes and critical situations. He has, indeed, some that are very striking: the death of Buckingham, the arrest of Charles I., the humiliation of the second Buckingham, the death of Falkland. But he sometimes fails when we expect him at his best. For instance, the trial of Charles is passed over very lightly. And he has nowhere anything that approaches the great scenes of Saint-Simon, such as the feeding of the carps or the deaths of Monseigneur and the Duc de Bourgogne.

I end by asking myself what was Clarendon's motive in his immense undertaking. "If," he says in one passage, "the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons and transmitting their great virtues to posterity be one of the principal ends and duties of history. . . ." No doubt he thought it was so, and labored valiantly for that object. But a great painter likes to immortalize himself as well as others, takes legitimate delight in the skilful touches of his art. Clarendon must have found in his own and others' word-painting the keen pleasure which Saint-Simon displayed so naïvely on hearing of a clever saying of Louis XIV.'s: "When Maréchal told me this I was overcome with astonishment at so fine a stroke of the brush."

Also Clarendon must have had the passion for studying mankind. He is conservative, as always, in the expression

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of this: "I was at that time no stranger to the persons of most that governed and a diligent observer of their carriage." This is sober compared even to the frankness of Pepys: "And I, as I am in all things curious," let alone the inquisitive fury of Saint-Simon: "This fact is not important, but it is amusing. It is especially significant with a prince as serious and as imposing as Louis XIV.; and all these little court anecdotes are well worth while." "I *skimmed off* a few of these details on the spot." "For me, I glutted myself with the spectacle," yet Clarendon unquestionably derived immense pleasure from his rich opportunities for reading "bare soul."

And with all his experience of what was dark and evil I do not think his observation was unkindly. He could be cruel with the cruel and cynical with the cynical, but he retained more of human tenderness than Saint-Simon; more, much more than that other masterly English painter, John, Lord Hervey. Clarendon had, indeed, honestly tried to do his best for his country. He had been deceived, betrayed, mocked, slandered, ruined, exiled. What wonder that he summed up his knowledge of the world with a little bitterness. "He had originally in his nature so great a tenderness and love towards all mankind that he . . . did really believe all men were such as they appeared to be. . . . These unavoidable reflections first made him discern how weak and foolish all his imaginations had been and how blind a surveyor he had been of the inclinations and affections of the heart of man [and of] this world, where whatsoever is good and desirable suddenly perisheth and nothing is lasting but the folly and wickedness of the inhabitants thereof."

It was on a dark day in a sad, strange land that he wrote that. Nevertheless, his great books show everywhere the desire for what is noble and of good report; nay, more, the real, lasting love of his fellow-men, not only as they might be, but as they actually are, which remains, I think, the firmest secret of human felicity.

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

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THE CITY OF THE ROYAL PAVILION

BY W. D. HOWELLS

EVERY large town in Great Britain has its penny railway guide, which is framed as far as may be on the lines of the enduring Bradshaw. The large cities, like London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Edinburgh, have each an A B C guide which alphabetically instructs how and when to get away from it and how to get back, but indulges no vagaries as to other arrivals and departures at the objective point. We trusted the London A B C to bring us to Tunbridge Wells, and we were not betrayed; we chose a hotel, with alternates, from it, and we could not blame it because all these hotels were full-up. But when it came to going, for instance, from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton, we were thrown, in our fear of the labyrinths of Bradshaw, upon the penny guide of the place. The reader, sitting at ease with this REVIEW in his hand, will think it very simple to choose between an express train leaving at 3.28 and a way train leaving at 3.45; and so we found it; but we chose the 3.45, without noticing the 3.28, and we knew nothing about that till the most amiable of porters got us a most eligible compartment in it. Then we cast about for our baggage, and it was nowhere to be seen, though it was of very visible bulk, and the porter began looking into the different vans for it, but finding it in none. We had sent it in good season by an out-porter with a hand-cart, and we blamed him severely, for the express train would start in five minutes. Our railway porter ran to and fro, and climbed dizzy heights commanding views of other platforms, and at last discovered our trunks on the platform of the 3.45 train for which we had ordered them to be delivered. It was now too late for it to be brought subterraneously across to us; guards were whistling excitedly, porters shouting, bells ringing; there was only a moment for getting out of our compartment and thanking and feeing

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our faithful porter, who instantly ran off and applied all his strength to the convex back of an old gentleman who was trying to leave the train, but whom he pushed into it, and shut the door upon as the express pulled away.

It would have been some consolation to know why the old gentleman wished to leave the train at that moment, or why the porter would not let him. It would have been some relief to have indulged a habit of profanity, but we could not form that habit on the spur of the moment; we could only vent a helpless rage in some blank invectives, and we did not think to inquire about the old gentleman till some time afterward. No doubt he was wrong, or the porter would not have pushed him back; and no doubt we were wrong, or we would have known about the 3.28, and the out-porter would have left our baggage in the right place for it.

After all, we thought it no great hardship to be going by the 3.45. It could not be so very long getting to Brighton if the express got there in an hour, and we should see something of the junctions where we changed; junctions are always so amusing. Another most amiable of porters told us, while he labeled our luggage, that there would be no change for an hour; he soothed our nerves with gentle condolence, and, as far as a just man might, he insinuated a pleasing censure of the out-porter for our blunder; the out-porter might have known about the 3.28; it almost came to that. I will always say that the English railway porters are the kindest men in the world; and if ever I am quite broken in spirit I shall wish to go and live among them, supporting my lacerated self-respect against their soothing sympathy, and letting them take my self-reproach away by the excuses they will suggest for my crimes, and my blunders worse than crimes.

I am sure that this tranquilly labeling porter, who dabbed toward his cap with his paste-brush in acknowledging our tip, could not have known of the junctions beyond that first junction an hour off. We took it for granted that we should be well on the way to Brighton there, if there were others we need not mind; and if we were mistaken, what have we really to complain of now? In three or four hours we did at last reach Brighton by a train perhaps only normally behind time, and there was a great deal of excitement if not experience at all those junctions. If there was anything wanting, it was a want of tea, for the junctions were all strangely

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barren of refreshments; everywhere there were news-stands, but no lunch-counters. Everywhere there were crowds of impatient passengers, and everywhere patient authorities of high or low degree, who did not resent being asked the third or fourth time whether the next train would be our train; it did not matter that it never was. I will say, though, that the prevalence of junctions adds appreciably to the cost of travel in England. You must see that your luggage is taken out of the arriving and put into the departing van, and you must fee a porter for helping you do this. If he is the porter who takes charge of your hand-baggage, you cannot, for instance, make his fee less than a shilling, though I have heard that the English sometimes make it sixpence, and ladies threepence, and widows and orphans no one knows how few farthings. Still, such is the home comfort, the almost Asiatic luxury, of an English porter who takes charge of your hand-baggage and your large luggage, and insures their going with you from junction to junction, that the money is well wasted; and my regret is not now for the wild profusion of that many-junctioned journey from Tunbridge Wells to Brighton. It is for the sad, sole instance in which a faithful fellow swiftly changed us and our belongings from train to train, and then ran along by our carriage while his wretched beneficiary searched every pocket for a piece of silver, however large or little, and found nothing, not a penny, in any pocket. We were obliged to shout the fact to the porter halting in the rear, and to cry him mercy; we had more need of it than he of money; but I knew not in what terms, if any, he granted it.

The incident cast such a gloom over our spirits that we did not notice how dark it was outside when we reached Brighton—I ought to say the Brighton station, which is not only far from the tourist's or visitor's Brighton, but is itself of such extent that it seems as if you could not start from it with the reasonable hope of ever leaving it behind. Our porter, of the brave, kind lineage of all those other porters, found us a fly where there seemed to be no flies, and disinterred our trunks from the luggage of our train which had agglutinated other trains at the many junctions till it now stretched half across England, and the luggage from its vans mounted to the skies. I do not know how he knew our trunks; perhaps it was through the unerring divination of porters, who must read it from the owner's

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anxious physiognomy; or perhaps in this case he discerned its American character. When he had impossibly put it on our fly, and the driver had roused his aged and ailing horse from what looked like coma, the horse did not fall motionless in his tracks, as we feared, but broke into a galvanic gallop, quite of its own initiative, and after long passages of time and space, through suburban and urban streets and avenues, brought us suddenly upon the shining stretches of the Brighton beach, with resplendent piers flung glittering out over the sea, and hotels rising height upon height and flaming to the stars. At almost the proudest of these we stopped, and were welcomed by the head-porter and his underlings, from whom we tried to hide our shame for the small sum we paid for our fly, and more especially for the massive brass-bound wooden trunk which when we bought it in Boston had not looked the crude, cruel, American thing it now appeared.

According to precedent, at Tunbridge Wells we ought to have been turned away to roam the night; but we had wired for rooms, and we had got back a reassuring wire, and almost before the lady in the office was able to give us our keys we were in our seaward bowers, looking out on the black water which mingled the solemn voice of its surges with the bursts of rag-time revelry from the piers and the incessant clatter of heels and hoofs on the promenades. There was no time to wonder in which nearest shadow our fly-horse, his duty heroically done, had fallen dead; dinner, a placard in the passage to the dining-room had warned us, was over at eight, and it was now half-past. When we pushed in, however, we found ourselves in the gentle keeping of those inimical German waiters who lurk everywhere in England to betray her as soon as they have learned the language; other people were dining round us at leisure, and when our own dinner was served it showed no resentment of our delay in the lukewarm flavors which characterize a belated dinner in American hotels.

At once that winning note of personal consideration was struck which welcomes the guest of the English hotel. It was there for us, that hotel, not we for it; and it urbanely accepted our tacit excuses for our retarded train; it as tacitly begged us not to mind; it was nothing; it often happened; and would we have thick soup or clear? If we hurried the meal it was quite our own affair, but, as a matter

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of fact, we did hurry; for we had a passion for Pierrots which we fancied we could satisfy on those piers burning out over the sea, and sending back bursts of music and applause. Pierrots had been our passion ever since we had seen the prince of them at Llandudno six years before; I could not prove he was the prince; but they are all of a sovereign delight, for there is something in the human faces when painted white like a wall, and roofed with a black, white-tufted skull-cap, and something in the human figure when widely trousered in white, and black-tufted down the middle of a jacket reaching to the knees, which takes the heart with transport. All the English love those engaging creatures, and have them everywhere, so that we grieved and wondered not to come upon any of them that year till late in September, when we found a band of them under the Leas at Folkestone, where, helping form their audience of seven, we found much of their pleasantry confidentially addressed to us. Now, when we were making so sure of them at Brighton, suddenly the music and the applause at the pier-end ceased; the lights there began to fade, and the people, gorged with the joy of Pierrots, by us untasted, streamed densely landward and joined the throngs pacing the beaches and the shore-side promenades. We made what we could of the sound of street-singing at a corner; we walked up into agreeable squares and gardened places, where on the steps and pavements before large, old, friendly, late-Georgian houses people of both sexes were talking and laughing under the soft night, and perhaps flirting, and tried to assuage our disappointment in wondering, since these mansions seemed devoted to Private Board, just what Public Board might be. It is a question which teases the inquiring mind in all the summer resorts (you must really say watering-places) of that Happy Isle, and we returned with it unanswered to our hotel, where we found again in the porch the old couple we had left there. They seemed country folk of some simple kind, and we made believe they did not know they were in Brighton out of season, which we more proudly knew. We wished we knew *them*, but the social improprieties forbade, and we left them silently looking at the crowds passing by on the hither and the thither sidewalks.

In our sophistication we recognized it for a lower middle-class crowd, mainly cockney, which was there for over a

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Sunday of the non-season. The season at Brighton, as I need not tell the polite reader, is now in the autumn, when people who are really people are there in the keeping of their houses or hotels, or carriages or motors, as real people are everywhere when they come for their pleasure. The autumnal season lasts into the early winter, and an examination of *Who's Who* will prove that many persons of distinction, if not rank, live at Brighton the year round, or that segment of its circle which the English spare to their home life from their sojourns in Italy, Norway, Switzerland, and the south of France. I had a fancy that I would like to live there myself, not only in those agreeable squares and gardened places, but in many tall, wide, old early-nineteenth-century houses along the sea-front. The residential town has, after the perverse manner of towns, grown quite in the other direction from these mansions; but I hold firmly to them; the villas of Hove are not nearly so sympathetic, and I do not believe the rents are so low; at any rate, not half so many of the houses are to let.

The next morning it was Sunday, and, though it was the non-season, the people who thronged the sea-front lawns and paths of Hove looked so much like society people that they might almost have been a detachment of the Hyde Park church-parade, now so largely disbanded. I venture the conjecture timidly, ready instantly to take it back; but I am firm as to the lower middle-class crowd which swarmed past the hotels and down upon the beaches and upon the piers, and seemed to have thickened overnight to twice their mass, and to be momently thickening. Atlantic City is the only American standard of comparison for the English watering-places which I know of, and only at Easter does Atlantic City rival them. What these masses did in order to enjoy themselves one could not very well ask them, but to be away from work in lover-pairs is perhaps pleasure enough between sixteen and twenty-five, and to have come off with the children anywhere from home is sufficient holiday for fathers and mothers under forty. There seemed to be things doing on the piers; there were rowboats and sailboats off the beaches, which were themselves a distraction, with their surges and their sands, and their donkeys and bathing-machines. Not alone were the drinking-places open; there were many and many eating-places where the hungry as well as the thirsty might stay themselves. But, besides, there was

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a provision, novel to me, for picnickers who wished to spend the day in a semblance of seaside cottagers. A long stretch of the front where it began to be low cliffs was built up with rooms comfortably furnished, which could be taken for the day, and the young children put to sleep on couches in them, while the father wandered off with the elder, and the mother spread the table with lunch and waited his return at the door, so that he might know it from the hundreds of other rooms just like it. It was all very simply English and homelike, and I could think of many things less charming than these kindly sojourns, with their outlook on the thickly peopled beach, the sociable surges and inviting pleasure-boats, with a gentle electric tram ambling over the roof to and from the Municipal Aquarium.

We ourselves went to the Aquarium, but I do not know that I should urge it upon the reader. It seemed to us that we had seen all those fish before, or else fish like them; and perhaps we went to the Aquarium because it was open on Sunday, and the famous Pavilion of George IV. was closed to visitors. It was the wish to see this Pavilion and not the Aquarium which brought us to Brighton. At another season we might have seen fashion, or that outside of it which is the best of it, perhaps; but in August this was not possible. Besides the Aquarium, which I would not decry, the town does not offer much to polite curiosity except the Pavilion. We did, indeed, desperately drive around the parks and gardens, including Preston Park, where, when it was Preston Manor, Anne of Cleves, the last wife whom Henry VIII. divorced, dwelt serenely forgetful of him, and comfortably ignorant of the fact that if she were living now she could not be presented at Court. It cannot be denied that these pleasures enhance the charm of a metropolis of gayety which, even when it is not gay, is something charming, like a dull, reposeful woman, who at least does not bother. Quiet streets, not noticeably reverberent of the leisurely trams; Sunday-shut and silenced shops; large residences facing somewhat somberly on the squares, unmindful of their statues and fountains; little houses ranging down the side streets, as if with the self-respectful English subservience, in attendance on those mansions; over all the English sky, irresolute between sun and rain: surely it is not bad; surely it is rather good. Everything is in order and in repair; without our striving of demolition and destruction, there is

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evidence of recent growth; and there is some history, though not much, lurking in the background: with Romans, of course, and Saxons and Normans; Brighton is not far from Hastings, where the great battle was lost and won which made England; and there is record of French descents upon her beaches to burn and pillage early in the long wars between the two nations. Some French people are still to be seen and heard there, but they are as peaceable as so many Americans, and may have come over to revere the monument to the Sussex men who fell in the Boer War, or to see the very good loan collection of English pictures in the Gallery or the two thousand pieces of English pottery in the Museum, as we did.

Much more likely, however, they have come to wonder at the Royal Pavilion, as we had, and to feel that in its wild architectural unreason it has still a sort of logic that pulls it together and gives it unity. It stands very low upon perfectly flat ground, and even so long ago as William IV.'s time was so shut round from the sea by other buildings that neither that monarch nor Queen Victoria cared to sojourn in it. But when once it leaves the sward it bubbles and spires up in domes and minarets and steeples from roofs resting on fantastic Moorish arches, and leaves the spectator free to say whether it is more Russian or Chinese or Saracenic in that strange feeling for the bizarre which is its unifying motive. It had an architect, of course—the well-known Nash of bold invention, who must have imagined it, but whom one does not clearly distinguish from the master he served. It was first built for George IV. when he was Prince of Wales by another architect, but it was Nash who, quarter of a century later, remodeled it to its present effect for the King, and it is of the King only that one thinks in its presence.

Upon the whole I did not find myself disposed to grudge him the entire satisfaction which it must have given his lawless soul. In such an abode alone could such a man house himself to his full comfort, and I will not blame him, for it seems to me that he has had blame enough. All royalties, I am afraid, have a bad time from their birth, and it is not strange that they turn out such blackguards as they often do; it is strange that they ever turn out as well as they sometimes do, poor things. When one considers the preposterous nature of their training for a station no man ever

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has a right to hold, one must forgive them very much; one must be at least as tender of them as of their subjects,who are responsible for the false position to which a prince is born and bred, especially if he is to be a limited monarch, with the apparent power of a despot over their persons and purses, but mortifyingly snubbed by the constitutional restraints.

From the university of illusion and delusion which the kingship is and always has been, such a prince as George IV. could be graduated only by excelling in badness. If he had been born plain and dull and true he could scarcely have helped being spoiled, but as he was born beautiful and charming and false, he had no chance for his life; and I think it hard he should be blamed for being what he could not help becoming. He was doomed to be a liar, a drunkard, a glutton, and men and women joined him in carrying out the sentence which was scarcely self-imposed. He had to put on debt as he had to put on fat; and it was not so meritorious of the people to pay his debts, though much has been made of it. After he had married one woman to please himself, as most other men do, he was forced to marry another woman to please the State, and it has been counted against him that he was brutal to his second wife. He was certainly wrong in that, but he had his excuse if not justification in her personal uncleanliness, her flirting, and her other follies. Standing in his Pavilion at Brighton, one could not wonder at his putting her as far from him in it as he could; and if he was fond of horses, I did not object, he being what he was, that he should

"A stately palace dome decree"

for their subterranean housing, which has since been built up and over into a "noble assembly and concert-hall." He pleased himself with interiors as fantastic as the outside of his Pavilion, and there is a Chinese Corridor, with music-rooms and banqueting-rooms, dining-rooms, royal apartments, all in a mixed Oriental taste and of a gorgeousness which I did not grudge his shade. Rather it hurt me that among other objects in the Gallery there should be certain caricatures of him in the brutal fashion of the time, and even more it grieved me that his wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, should be savagely mocked in one of them as if she were not his wife: I think it showed her borne away by the Evil One.

Upon the whole, if one likes Brighton (and I did for reasons not quite given), one must thank George IV. for one's

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pleasure. To be sure, Brighton was discovered, as it were, by the famous Dr. Russell, who proclaimed one day to the early-eighteenth-century world that the sea-bathing there would be very good for ailing lords and commons, and upon whose reports numbers of sick dukes promptly resorted thither, whether to their advantage or not I cannot say; but they brought fashion in their train. The place seems never to have had the charm of Bath, or even of Tunbridge Wells, but it was no doubt very gay, or George IV., as Prince of Wales, would never have come to give it the stamp of his supreme approval. He discovered that it was good even for well people, and not only the Royal Pavilion, but Brighton itself remains his monument.

A great American millionaire, whose love of horses is an honor to his country, has of late years run, if not driven, a tally-ho coach between London and Brighton in continuance of venerable tradition. We preferred, however, the swift train which makes the fifty miles in one hour instead of five; but I do not know why we preferred the Pullman car on it to any first-class English carriage. Perhaps we were homesick, and wished to repatriate ourselves in that supreme image of American travel. But now, being at home, I have the heart to say that an English carriage is incomparably more comfortable than the Pullman car, which the English have adopted to their own notions, but still left irreparably Pullman. Yet I do not know why I grumble at it, for, though we had bought chairs in it, we spent all but a few minutes in the restaurant-car waiting for our two-and-six luncheon. This was very good when it came, though long despaired of, and our wait for it gave us time and opportunity for the acquaintance of a fellow-traveler who presently betrayed that he had been in the States, and had had the time of his life there. It was a piece of most smiling good fortune to meet such a friendly spirit, and his talk made it seem much less than an hour to London. When we had parted from him there, he came hurrying back to our aid on the station platform, where we stood waiting to choose our baggage from the successive vans, and entreated us to let him be of use; everybody in the States had been so kind to him. It made me glad, and I tried to think of some favor I could ask him, but I had to allege my long experience of English travel in denying his help. Yet when such things can happen, what may we not hope from International Arbitration? W. D. Howells.

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THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR*

BY REAR-ADMIRAL STEPHEN B. LUCE, U.S.N. (RETIRED)

THE preceding volume, *Diplomacy,* by the same author, was so impartial in its treatment of our relations with Spain and exhibited such an intimate knowledge of the events which led up to the war as to win the immediate approbation of the public. The present volumes, while maintaining the same high level of excellence, possess the additional merit of having been written by one who actually bore witness to, or took part in, some of the stirring events he so graphically describes.

There was little of importance in connection with the war in the Far East that was not accessible to the author: while as Chief of Staff of the Commander-in-chief of the naval forces operating against Cuba all the official correspondence relating to the movements of the fleet came under his immediate supervision. To this must be added untiring industry in consulting authorities and a conscientious regard for accuracy of statement.

The author was fortunate in having for his guidance throughout the work the testimony of witnesses on both sides of the war; witnesses who took leading parts in the battles and who subsequently gave out for publication full and graphic accounts of the incidents in both engagements as they came under their own personal observation. Some of these accounts read like pages of romance; and the treatment of the brave unfortunates who fell into the hands of their noble-hearted captors would add luster to the brighest days of chivalry. Very great pains has been taken to sift the mass of evidence and wherever possible to reconcile ap-

* *The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy. The Spanish-American War.* 2 vols. By Rear-Admiral F. E. Chadwick, U.S.N. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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parent discrepancies. With these manifold advantages and exceptional qualifications the author was well equipped for the task of writing an authoritative history of our war with Spain. He has produced what will be accepted as a standard work on the subject.

It is not our present purpose to review the entire work, but rather to confine ourselves to the main incidents of the story—namely, the battle of Manila Bay and the battle of Santiago de Cuba: the one beginning the war, the other ending it as far as the navy was concerned.

The battle of Manila Bay is very fully described. On Sunday, April 24th, Commodore (now Admiral) Dewey, then at Hongkong, was informed by the Hongkong authorities that as war had begun and Great Britain was a neutral, his squadron must within twenty-four hours move out of British jurisdiction. Commodore Dewey informed the Government at Washington of this fact in a despatch dated Hongkong, April 25, 1898. This despatch was received at the Navy Department April 24th. The apparent discrepancy in dates is explained by the author:

"Manila is in 121° east of Greenwich, or 196° east of Washington. Its time is thus thirteen hours earlier than Washington time. At 11 A.M. of, say, April 21st it is but noon of the Washington 20th."

This explanation must be kept in mind.

At 2 P.M. the 24th the *Boston, Concord,* and *Petrel* left Hongkong accompanied by the revenue cutter *McCulloch* and two store-ships for Mirs Bay, thirty miles east of Hongkong on the Chinese coast. At 9 A.M., April 25th, the time limit having expired, the *Olympia, Baltimore,* and *Raleigh* "left Hongkong, cheered to the echo as they steamed from the harbor by the British soldiers and sailors ashore and afloat."

The revenue cutter *McCulloch,* regarded as a non-combatant, was sent to Hongkong for news. She returned Tuesday, April 26th, bearing the following despatch:

"WASHINGTON, *April 24.*

"War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy. Use utmost endeavors."

It is well understood that this despatch was dictated by President McKinley himself.

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The immediate result of these instructions was the despatch from Commodore Dewey

"MANILA, *May 1, 1898.*

"The squadron arrived at daybreak this morning; immediately engaged enemy and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: *Reina Cristina, Castilla, Antonio de Ulloa, Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marques del Duero, El Correo, Velasco,* one transport, *Isla de Mindanao,* water battery at Cavité. I shall destroy Cavité arsenal dispensatory. The squadron is uninjured; *few men* were *slightly wounded.* I request the Department will send immediately from San Francisco fast steamer with ammunition. The only means of telegraphing is to American Consul at Hongkong."

It is certainly extraordinary that no one was killed on the American side. The casualties on the Spanish side were: killed, 167; wounded, 214; total, 381. It was a "military execution," says one high authority. But had the gunnery of the Spaniards been anything but execrable they (the Spaniards) would have been the executioners. What, then, would have been the position of Commodore Dewey with no base for his shattered squadron to fall back upon? The risks he took were enormous, but fully justified by the result. This point has not been sufficiently considered by the critics.

May 7th, on the receipt of Commodore Dewey's telegram, President McKinley thanked the Commodore, his officers, and men in the name of the American people for their "splendid achievement and overwhelming victory" and gave him the rank of rear-admiral. May 10th Rear-Admiral Dewey received the thanks of Congress, was later raised to the rank of Admiral of the Navy, and his Chief of Staff, flag lieutenant, and commanding officers were, on his recommendation, advanced in rank.

The naval battle of Santiago de Cuba is graphically described. Many interesting, not to say highly exciting details, are given. Excerpts are out of the question. The story must be read to be appreciated. The author wisely confines himself to the time of the war without concerning himself with the aftermath. With commendable judgment he abstains from any reference to the unfortunate and senseless controversy started and kept alive by the press of a later day as to who was commander-in-chief of the American naval forces during the battle. He assumes quite naturally, and correctly, that there could not possibly be any question on that point. And there was no such question. It is made

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clear that the officer commanding in chief before the battle, during the battle, and after the battle was the one indicated by the flag. The flag of the Commander-in-chief, Rear-Admiral Sampson, was borne throughout the battle by the *New York*. It is true that at the call of duty that ship had temporarily vacated her accustomed station, but the first gun of the engagement was the signal for her return. This fact alone, were others wanting, shows conclusively that the *New York* was at the opening of the fight within easy signal distance and, therefore, well within the field of the conflict.

Although the author nowhere even so much as hints, as we have already stated, that there is, or ever was, a question as to who was in actual command of the fleet during the battle, yet, unfortunately, three years after the war in an official document of no little importance a different view prevailed. During the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry in the case of Rear-Admiral Winfield Scott Schley, U.S.N., all testimony on the question of who was in command of the fleet during the battle was rigorously excluded. That question was not before the court, and the court emphatically refused to consider it or to hear evidence with regard to it. And yet, notwithstanding this decision of the court, the Judge-Advocate, in his summing up of the evidence, goes out of his way to discredit the commander-in-chief and deprive him of the tribute of victory which was his just due. It was only a "captains' fight," he told the court. He thus, through the published report of the proceedings of the court, misled public opinion to the injury of the professional standing of an officer of quite exceptional merit.

In his argument before the court the Judge-Advocate said:

"I submit that the evidence shows that it was a captains' fight, and, without disparagement of Commodore Schley's personal conduct on that occasion, that there was no such concerted action of the vessels engaged as to indicate their control by any one person. All evidently strove to do their utmost, and thus was accomplished one of the grandest naval victories ever won." *

From this language it appears that the Judge-Advocate was of the opinion that the force blockading Santiago had suddenly become disorganized and that on the appearance of the Spanish ships each American captain acted on his own

* Record of proceedings of a Court of Inquiry in the case of Rear-Admiral Winfield S. Schley, U.S.N., 1901. Vol II, page 1821.

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initiative, independently of all others, and scrambled pell-mell into the fight.*

It is more than doubtful if the views of the Judge-Advocate, himself a naval officer, had any influence with the court. The unfortunate part of it is that those views, unsupported as they were by the evidence, have been accepted by the public as authentic.

With rare good taste the author of the work before us does not attempt to deal with the published statements above quoted. He tells his story calmly and, although an actor in the drama, impersonally. He gathers his facts from unimpeachable sources, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions. And yet there stands the record of the court to confound the historian of the future even as it has confused the public of the present day. In the interests of history that record must be corrected and made to conform to the facts. What are the facts in this connection?

It can be shown from the work before us, *first,* that it was *not* a "captains' fight" as that phrase is generally understood. *Secondly,* that there *was* "such concerted action of the vessels engaged as to indicate their control by any one person." *Thirdly,* that it was *not* "one of the grandest naval victories ever won." The third clause may be dismissed at once as far too extravagant to merit a moment's consideration. Let us pause here for a brief space while we endeavor to find out the meaning of the term "a captains' fight."

Every sea fight is in a certain sense a "captains' fight," inasmuch as in battle each captain fights, or commands, his own ship and directs her movements. The expression is admissible only in single ship actions, such as that of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière,* during the War of 1812, inasmuch as each captain has then the sole and absolute control of his own ship. But when it comes to an aggregation of ships, as in a fleet or squadron, such independence of action ceases in a great measure to exist. The movements

* Curiously the Judge-Advocate refutes his own argument. He continues: "Of course the vessels stood in toward the harbor entrance when it was discovered that the enemy's vessels were making a sortie. Such was not only their *prescribed duty,* but their natural and proper course." By whom was this duty *prescribed?* By the commander-in-chief in his orders of June 2d. Hence there *was* "concerted action indicating control by one person."

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of each ship in this case come under the control of the one who commands in chief. And although each captain continues to command his own individual ship, yet as a component part of the fleet he is, and must necessarily be, subject to superior authority. Otherwise a fleet would be a mere assemblage of ships without coherence and without the organization and discipline essential to success in battle.

It is this subordination of the individual and the synchronous movements of the several units in obedience to one controlling will that constitutes naval tactics. Such being the case, all responsibility for the management of the fleet centers in one person—the commander-in-chief. It cannot in the very nature of things be otherwise.

The expression "a captains' fight" is an adaptation of the term "a soldiers' fight." A soldiers' fight is one in which the troops, carried away by their ardor, get beyond the control of their officers and execute of their own volition movements not contemplated in the original plan of battle. At Molwitz the great Frederick gave up the battle as lost and sought safety in flight. He owed his success to the valor of his troops, who fought while he was fleeing. It was his first battle. At Chattanooga (November 25th, 1863) the battle was opened by Sherman's attack on the left. To relieve the forces concentrating upon him, Thomas in the center charged up Missionary Ridge. His troops, once started, could not be restrained. They not only drove the enemy from their rifle trenches, but followed them up the hill, carried the works on the crest of the ridge, and routed the defenders, pursuing them until dark and capturing many prisoners. The Confederates in front of Sherman, now unsupported, also retreated. This phase of the battle was essentially a "soldiers' fight," and the splendid victory was due in a very large measure to the character of the troops. But when we come to inquire why those troops were in that particular place at that particular time we find there was a highly intelligent directive force behind them. They were not stragglers; they were not there by accident, but in conformity to a carefully thought-out, prearranged plan of battle. A soldiers' fight is possible when they have been well placed by superior authority. The analogy is very much strained, however, that would seek to apply that method of warfare to a fleet fight.

All the great naval battles of which history gives an ac-

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count where the results have been decisive have been in a certain remote sense "captains' fights." There are exceptions, it is true, which will readily occur to every reader of naval history, but these have been almost invariably what are called drawn battles. Take, for example, the engagement of Ushant, July 27th, 1778, where the English, under Admiral the Hon. Augustus Keppel, with thirty sail of the line, were opposed by a like number of the French under the Comte d'Orvilliers. This was not a captains' fight, as no general engagement was brought on. In this case admiral was pitted against admiral; and as the French Admiral d'Orvilliers afterward remarked, "I outmanœuvered Mr. Keppel." Insignificant as this engagement was from a military point of view, it has yet held a prominent place in history as showing that professional jealousies are not altogether unknown to the naval service. On their return to home waters the second in command of the English fleet, Sir Hugh Palliser, started a bitter controversy which "set all England by the ears." Admiral Keppel was brought before a court-martial and acquitted of all charges. The conduct of Sir Hugh Palliser was also inquired into. The court found his conduct during the battle highly exemplary in many instances, but "reprehensible" in others.*

A conspicuous case of a "captains' fight," if one may use that vacuous term, is that fought off Cape St. Vincent when Nelson in the *Captain,* 74 guns, committed a "breach of discipline" by leaving his station in the fleet without orders and cutting off the retreating Spaniards. He was followed by Troubridge in the *Culloden,* 74 guns, also without orders, and this was the turning-point of the battle. Captain Collingwood, of the *Excellent,* wrote subsequently: "The highest rewards are due you" (Nelson) "and the *Culloden;* you formed the plan of attack—we were only accessories to the Don's ruin." A "captains' fight" or not, the Commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir John Jarvis, received the sole credit and was rewarded for that victory by an earldom and a pension of three thousand pounds a year, and was known thereafter as the Earl of St. Vincent. The English Admiralty knew its business.

At the Nile the plan of battle was Nelson's. But he left the details to be worked out by his captains. Says the historian Admiral Mahan:

* *The Royal Navy.* By Sir William Laird Clowes. Vol. III, page 412.

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"It is in perfect keeping with Nelson's character that after ascertaining that his captains understood his views he should, with perfect confidence, have left all the details of immediate action with them."

In fact, Fenimore Cooper repeats the tradition that the whole tactical combination at the Nile was attributed to the captains. Whatever the truth of this may be, there is no doubt that the movement by which the head of the French column was doubled on and their inshore batteries engaged was due solely and entirely to Captain Foley of the *Goliath* and the captains who followed his lead in the *Zealous, Orion,* and *Theseus.* And this credit may be accorded Captain Foley, as the historian remarks, "without stripping one leaf from Nelson's laurels." After Nelson was severely wounded and carried below, the battle was continued in accordance with the original plan with unwonted fury, and, as Lord Howe said, "the victory was unparalleled in this respect, that every captain distinguished himself." Nelson in the cockpit might just as well have been miles away. Here surely, if anywhere, is an example of a "captains' fight." But it has been reserved for the present day to coin the expression.

And so at Trafalgar: Nelson, knowing full well that in battle signals were futile, stated in his Memorandum of October 9th, 1805, the broad principle that:

"In case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood, no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy."

It is an ancient precept that the commander-in-chief of a fleet should make his plan of battle known to his captains in order that, battle once joined, signals may be unnecessary. Such was Nelson's practice and such was the course pursued by Rear-Admiral Sampson, the Commander-in-chief of the fleet blockading Santiago de Cuba, as we shall presently show.

Of the memorable order above referred to, the historian remarks, as in the case of the plan of the battle of the Nile, that it was not only remarkable for its sagacity, "but even more for the magnanimous confidence with which the details of execution were freely intrusted to those upon whom they had to fall"—the captains.

After Collingwood (leading the lee column in the *Royal Sovereign*) had succeeded in breaking through the allied lines, everything depended upon the discretion of each cap-

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tain in availing himself of the conditions as he came up, but following out Nelson's general injunction that their effort should be toward the enemy's rear. Following Collingwood's flag came the *Belleisle,* 80 guns, Captain William Hargood. It was just noon when she reached the French line. The master earnestly asked the captain, "Shall we go through, sir?" "Go through, by ——," was the energetic reply. "There's your ship, sir; place me alongside of her." Neither Nelson nor Collingwood ordered Captain Hargood to "go through." He acted on his own responsibility in carrying out the original plan of battle. Clearly it was only a "captains' fight," this great battle of Trafalgar.

Captain Codrington, of the *Orion,* narrates that "we all scrambled into battle as soon as we could. I was in the middle of it before I fired a gun." Many such incidents are to be found in the full account of the battle, showing how each and every captain in the smoke and din of the fight was thrown entirely upon his own resources, but with the Memorandum for his guide. Inextricable confusion for a while prevailed. Signals were useless. Surely it was only a "captains' fight." And yet what a fight!

The *Victory,* bearing Nelson's flag, crossed the wake of the *Bucentaur* at 1 P.M. At 1.30 P.M. Nelson fell mortally wounded and was borne below to the cockpit, where he died. Will any one say that the battle thereafter, which ended at 4.30 under Collingwood, raged with less fury or not on the original plan? Did any sane Briton ever accord the meed of victory to Collingwood! Says an eminent French naval officer in this connection:

> "That the principles of the Memorandum (Nelson's order of October 9th, 1805) were faithfully and wholly carried out is a matter of quite secondary importance; its author might have died at the evry beginning of the battle; he had breathed into the minds and into the very souls of his captains the principles and elements of victory; thenceforth victory was assured, and, despite his untimely exit from the field, it was Nelson who won the battle of Trafalgar, not Collingwood." *

In each and all of these great battles the victorious fleet was dominated by the genius of the commander-in-chief. He infused his spirit in all from captain to powder-boy. They all knew under whose eye they fought. Napoleon's presence on the field of battle was worth a *corps d'armée;*

* *War on the Sea.* By Captain Darrieus, French Navy. Translated by Philip R. Alger, U.S.N. Page 80.

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Nelson's name alone assured victory. Of a bold Scottish chief 'twas said, "One blast upon his bugle-horn were worth a thousand men." In all times, ancient and modern, whatever may have been the motive power, whether oars, sails, or steam, a great moral force has carried the fleet to victory. The personality of the commander-in-chief is always a factor that must be reckoned with.

But whether the expression a "captains' fight" is a mere meaningless term or not, certainly the battle of Santiago de Cuba, July 3d, 1898, deserves to be so characterized less than any naval battle of which history gives an account.

The author of the work before us makes it perfectly clear that the military problem was one of the simplest kind and may be stated in a few words: It was to starve out, or whip, an inferior force.

The commander-in-chief had made all his dispositions for battle long in advance. Each ship had her allotted station; each captain understood perfectly well his plain duty. The appearance of the enemy was the signal for battle. No other signal was necessary. When the Spanish ships were clear of the entrance of the harbor each captain of the blockading squadron knew exactly what to do, and he did his part even as the English captains at the Nile and at Trafalgar did their parts; and as far as signals directing their movements were concerned, the commander-in-chief might just as well have been lying in the cockpit mortally wounded. He had done his whole duty long in advance. He had closed the signal-book, even as Nelson closed the signal-book at Trafalgar and Lord Howe on the "glorious 1st of June." There was no mêlée, as in the great sea fights named, when captains were thrown upon their own resources. *It was simply a superior force in the open chasing and destroying, in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, a flying and demoralized foe.* The blockading squadron had been organized and prepared for that very purpose, and when the hour came the plans and purposes of the commander-in-chief were carried out, each captain performing his allotted part as he had been instructed to do. The general order of June 2d runs:

"If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run on shore." This order was carried out in a very literal sense thirty-one days later: all the Spanish ships were "forced to run on shore," as the author relates.

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In the general order of June 21st for landing the troops by the navy the commander-in-chief said:

"The attention of Commanding Officers of all vessels engaged in blockading Santiago de Cuba is earnestly called to the necessity of the utmost vigilance from this time forward both as to maintaining stations and readiness for action and as to keeping a close watch upon the harbor mouth. If the Spanish Admiral ever intends to attempt to escape, that attempt will be made soon."

These two general orders were carried out to the letter. There is overwhelming evidence on this point.

The Judge-Advocate has already informed us that

"on the appearance of the enemy our ships stood in for the entrance of the harbor in accordance with their prescribed duty."

In his modest but graphic account of the fight the gallant and lamented Rear-Admiral Philip wrote:

"The battle was a direct consequence of the blockade, and upon the method and effectiveness of the blockade was very largely dependent the issue of the battle. It was necessary to have always before the entrance of Santiago Harbor a force of ships amply sufficient to cope with the Spanish squadron, should it come out to do battle; and it was necessary to have this force so disposed that none of the Spaniards could escape, if that were their object, no matter what direction they should take. Unremitting vigilance by night and by day was an absolute necessity; . . . the blockade was conducted with a success exemplified by the result. It was a terrible strain, that month of watching for what no man knew. . . . So when the Spanish Admiral at last made his dash to escape we were ready—ready with our men, with our guns, and with our engines. . . . Before he (Admiral Cervera) had fairly found himself outside the Morro the entire blockading squadron was pumping shell into him at such a rate as virtually to decide the issue of the battle in the first few moments."

In his despatch to the Navy Department of July 10th, 1898, Commodore Schley said:

"Feel some mortification that the newspaper accounts of July 6th have attributed victory of July 3d almost entirely to me. Victory was secured by the force under the Commander-in-chief North Atlantic Squadron, and to him the honor is due."

The testimony of all the captains was to the same end, showing clearly that there *was* "concerted action on the part of the vessels engaged, indicating their control by one person"—namely, that of the commander-in-chief. H. W. Wilson, the well-known English writer, in his *Downfall of Spain*, said:

"Admiral Sampson from first to last did his work in a manner that commands British admiration."

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That long and tedious blockade, maintained with such unrelaxing vigor, and the victory which was the fruit of that exacting labor, were due to one controlling mind—and but one. To deny such a palpable truth one might as well shatter the Duilian Column in Rome and tear down the Memorial Column in Trafalgar Square, London, as libels on history.

A total absence of glorification over the issue of the battle is a refreshing feature of the narrative. The victory is ascribed to the superiority of the Americans in numbers of ships and weight of metal. The figures are given in the same impersonal and matter-of-fact style as statistics recorded by the Census Bureau in Washington. The author informs us that:

"The result was only what could have been expected from the superiority of the Americans in numbers, armor, and armament, but, above all, in practice and preparedness. . . . There were six heavy ships against four; fourteen 12 and 13 inch guns against six 11-inch; thirty 8-inch against none on the Spanish side of that caliber; forty-four 6-inch, 5-inch, and 4-inch against thirty-six 5.5 and 4.7 inch; ninety-six 6-pounders against thirty-eight Spanish.

"The superiority of the American ships in armor is equally obvious. The only superiority of the Spanish ships was in their speed, which, however, availed naught through bad coal, foul bottoms, their quick destruction by fire, and, in the case of the *Colon*, through inability to make what she should have made, probably through want of training of her fire-room force."—Vol. II, page 184.

With these figures the author leaves to the reader the privilege of magnifying the battle at his pleasure.

But in whatever terms the victory may be characterized, the results were certainly momentous and far-reaching. They are well expressed in the pathetic words of the gallant but unfortunate Captain (now Admiral) Concas of the *Maria Teresa* and Chief of Staff. We give the entire passage as too interesting to abridge. It is of the *sortie* of Cervera he speaks:

"With the battle-flag hoisted, the *Infanta Maria Teresa* advanced ahead of the other cruisers, which for the last time gave the honors due their Admiral, saluting him with hurrahs that manifested the spirit of the crews worthy of a better fate. The *Maria Teresa* continued to advance rapidly without being detected until she was abreast the Estrella battery; signals, evidently hurried, and an alarm gun from the *Iowa* showed that the hostile ships were taking position for battle.

"We had just finished making the turn at Diamond Bank amidst death-

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like silence, everybody awed by the magnificent spectacle of the ships issuing from the narrow passage between the Morro and Socapa. It was a solemn moment capable of making the calmest heart beat faster. From outside the conning-tower, which I did not want to enter, in order, if I should fall, to set an example to my defenseless crew, I asked leave of the Admiral, and with that gave the order to fire. The bugle gave the signal to begin the battle, an order repeated by those of all the batteries and followed by a murmur of approbation from all those poor sailors and marines who were anxious to fight, for they did not know that these war-like echoes were the signal which hurled their country at the feet of the victor, since they were to deprive Spain of the only power still of value to her, without which a million soldiers could do nothing to serve her; of the only power which could have weight in a treaty of peace; a power which, once destroyed, would leave Spain, the old Spain of Europe, not Cuba, as so many ignorant persons believed, completely at the mercy of the enemy.

"My bugles were the last echo of those which history tells were sounded in the taking of Grenada; it was the signal that the history of four centuries of greatness was ended and that Spain had passed into a nation of the fourth class.

"'Poor Spain,' I said to my beloved and noble Admiral, and he answered by an expressive motion, as though to say he had done everything to avoid it and that his conscience was clear.

"As for myself, what a strange coincidence. It had been but a few years when the honor had fallen to me to represent in the archaic caravel an exact copy of that of Columbus* all the glories of the fifteenth century, and on the 3d of July it fell to me to give the signal for the end of that greatness. But the first was a representation, and this was the dreadful reality.

"The second gun of the deck battery was the first to open fire and brought us back to this reality, too dreadful to allow us to think of other things. Giving the cruiser all her speed, we poured out a frantic fire with our whole battery except the forward gun, which we reserved to fire at close quarters."

The battle practically terminated the war and Spain's colonial empire at the same time. The bald facts are that the war began with Admiral Dewey's victory of Manila Bay, May 1st, 1898, and was ended in sixty-four days by Rear-Admiral Sampson's victory of Santiago de Cuba July 3d, 1898. Such, it is safe to say, will be the verdict of an intelligent public on reading this instructive history of the war by one exceptionally well qualified to write it.

The smoke of battle having blown away, the field was left clear for the exercise of diplomacy. The very full account

* The *Santa Maria*, a reproduction of the flag-ship of Columbus, was brought over to this country, under her own sail, by Commander (now Admiral) Concas and taken to the World's Fair, Chicago, in 1892, where she attracted much attention.

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of the treaty of peace and of the negotiations which preceded it will be found one of the most interesting chapters of the book.

The attitude of the Government on this occasion was one of firmness and dignity so becoming to a great nation. The President in his instructions to the American commissioners for the treaty of peace said:

"It is my earnest wish that the United States in making peace should follow the same high rule of conduct which guided it in facing war. It should be as scrupulous and magnanimous in the concluding settlement as it was just and humane in its original action. The luster and the moral strength attaching to a cause which can be confidently rested upon the considerate judgment of the world should not, under any illusion of the hour, be dimmed by ulterior designs which might tempt us into excessive demands or into an adventurous departure on untried paths. It is believed that the true glory and the enduring interests of the country will most surely be served if an unselfish duty conscientiously accepted and a signal triumph honorably achieved shall be crowned by such an example of moderation, restraint, and reason in victory as best comports with the traditions and character of our enlightened republic.

"The abandonment of the Western Hemisphere by Spain was an imperative necessity. In presenting that requirement, we only fulfilled a duty universally acknowledged. It involves no ungenerous reference to our recent foe, but simply a recognition of the plain teachings of history to say that it was not compatible with the assurance of permanent peace on and near our own territory that the Spanish flag should remain on this side of the sea. This lesson of events and of reason left no alternative as to Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the other islands belonging to Spain in this hemisphere.

"The Philippines stand upon a different basis. It is none the less true, however, that without any original thought of complete or even partial acquisition the presence and success of our arms at Manila imposes upon us obligations which we cannot disregard. The march of events rules and overrules human action. Avowing unreservedly the purpose which has animated all our effort, and still solicitous to adhere to it, we cannot be unmindful that, without any desire or design on our part, the war has brought us new duties and responsibilities which we must meet and discharge as becomes a great nation on whose growth and career from the beginning the Ruler of Nations has plainly written the high command and pledge of civilization."

This is an amplification of "manifest destiny." But the question of the Philippines was not so easily settled. After much interesting discussion, a full account of which the author has given us, the United States Government was led to concede that our demand for those islands could not "be based on conquest." After further negotiations it was finally agreed to pay twenty million dollars for them. The author

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makes it perfectly clear that we did not "conquer the Philippines and then buy them," as many have vainly imagined.

In conclusion the author informs us that "the treaty was approved by the United States Senate on February 6, 1899, ratified by the President on the same day, and by the Queen Regent of Spain on March 19th. The ratifications were exchanged at Washington on April 11, 1899, and the treaty proclaimed the same day, thus bringing a peace which all well-wishers to the two countries must hope may never be broken."

We here take our leave of this very valuable addition to the literature of the Spanish-American War. While commending it to the attention of the reading public, we avail ourselves of the opportunity of supplying the sequel: Not the least remarkable page in the story of the battle of Santiago de Cuba is the one giving the manner in which the two commanders-in-chief were treated by their respective Governments. It was the vanquished alone who was honored. With steadfast courage Rear-Admiral Cervera went out to meet the fate he had clearly foreseen and plainly foretold. He did what he could; and his country recognized his self-sacrificing devotion to duty. On his return to Spain he was made a Vice-Admiral, a Senator for life, and Chief of the General Staff of the Spanish navy.

We reversed the custom, hallowed by immemorial time, of doing honor to the victor. His services received no public recognition. Said the Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy during the war:

> "It is a tragic feature of the struggle with Spain that Sampson, broken by the tremendous strain he had undergone, died without receiving the recognition to which his patriotic and splendid service entitled him and without even the thanks of Congress or promotion in rank."

The country he served so well paid him no mark of honor, expressed no sense of gratitude. He was the victim of a controversy for which he was in no way responsible and in which he took no part, and yet the rancor of it brought on his head the cruelest abuse and vituperation. Even his household was not exempt.

> "The controversy became exceedingly bitter and personal, raging more in the press and in public discussions than in naval circles. Scurrilous verses and cartoons appeared in the press holding him up to public con-

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tempt, as if he had been a traitor instead of a patriot. All this he bore in silence and with characteristic fortitude." *

The State of New Jersey presented him with a sword, and Harvard and Yale each honored him with the degree of LL.D. But the country to whose interests he was so devoted gave no sign of its appreciation of his worth.

A few naval officers, his personal friends, who had been closely associated with him during the war, in order to testify their affection and respect, placed a beautiful memorial window in the chapel of the Naval Academy dedicated to his memory. On the unveiling of the window eulogistic addresses were delivered setting forth his high character as an officer and as a man and the eminent services he had rendered his country. In speaking of the trying events of the war, one who knew him well said: "Disregardful of all but the necessity of success, he was heedless of personal danger and daring in professional risk." Another tribute by one who also knew him well and had been closely associated with him during the war was: "Sampson's courage was of the highest and finest type, the kind which sinks all thought of person in the sense of duty. If he had any sense of fear for what might happen to himself, it never appeared in even the remotest suggestion." Indeed, all who knew him most intimately agreed in saying he was absolutely devoid of personal fear, and yet a United States Senator from his place in the Senate Chamber stigmatized him as an "arrant coward." † The credit for the victory he won was given to others. It was only a "captains' fight" they said. And America flung the victor's laurels to the winds.

STEPHEN B. LUCE.

* *The New American Navy*, by Hon. John D. Long.
† *Congressional Record*, February 26th, 1901. Page 3036.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

LOVE AND MARRIAGE. By ELLEN KEY. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1911.

ELLEN KEY occupies in Scandinavia much the same position that Jane Addams does in America, that of First Woman in the Land. Nothing could be more unlike than their activities, interests, or the themes of their books. Yet in their method of analyzing and presenting the great issues of modern life there is a subtle similarity. Both show a high courage in facing new, disconcerting, or awkward truths; an open-mindedness to facts of change and growth and a tender conservative respect for the old, time-honored, well-beloved things. Both bring to the discussion of the problems of the rising generation a great motherliness, the first fruits of the participation of intellectual and courageous women in public affairs. *Love and Marriage,* which now appears in Mr. Arthur C. Chater's excellent English translation, has had great vogue in continental Europe since its publication in 1903. It comprises the first two volumes of Ellen Key's most ambitious work, called *Lines of Life,* and antedates *The Century of the Child* and the *Woman's Movement,* both of which are familiar to the English-reading public.

Love and Marriage is an intimate, somewhat informal series of discussions of problems that lie at the root of modern life; love's freedom, love's selection, the right of motherhood, exemption from motherhood, collective motherliness, divorce and marriage laws. The present restless, unhappy transitional state in which many men and more women find themselves is patiently analyzed, and the plain facts are in no wise glossed over or idealized. The ideals toward which the best of the younger generation is striving are outlined with a clearness of vision that strikes home with a passionate verisimilitude. Ellen Key is a suffragist and believes in the economic as well as the political independence of woman, but she does not believe in emancipating women from their sex duties nor in ignoring the claims of race. Political and economic independence to become more womanly and more motherly are the "lines of life." She demands freedom to create better conditions for the children, an enhancement of life through a higher type of marriage that will strengthen and deepen family life, not weaken its bonds. "But great love, like great genius, can never be a duty; both are life's gracious gift to its elect. There can be no other standard of morality for him who loves more than once than for him who loves once only, that of the enhancement of life . . . freedom for love's selection under conditions favorable to the race; limitation of the freedom not of love but of procreation, when the conditions are unfavorable to the race—this is the line of life."

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TWENTY YEARS AT HULL HOUSE. By JANE ADDAMS. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1911.

There are certain unregenerate students of humanity who brazenly depreciate the labors of the historian. They prefer to read the chronicles of past or present times in human documents. Careful studies of events and digests of State papers have for them no magic to summon a past age, cast no illumination on the present. They must feel the pulse of the world through human lives. *Twenty Years at Hull House* is a rare chapter in contemporary history; but it is still more rare as an intimate revelation of a spirit's growth, of the unfolding of a personality so completely in touch with the needs and aspirations of the times that the individual seems not the product, but rather one aspect of a growing social ideal.

For many younger Americans growing up in these days of military peace and industrial warfare the ideals of democracy have been put into current idiom, not by the Fathers of the Republic, but by Jane Addams, of Hull House. The chapters recording her early influences and impressions reveal the spiritual ancestry of these newer ideals of freedom. Jane Addams's intense democracy was forged in the flames of the two most disinterested passions human souls can know—the love of country, which in her case centered in a high veneration for Lincoln, and the love of scholarship for its own sake. The impulses of girlish idealism were tempered and disciplined during the long period of doubt and spiritual conflict that accompanied ill health and depression over the apparently inevitable opposition of privilege and deprivation in this world. Gradually the conviction emerged that the conditions of happiness and freedom that pertain to the privileged classes belong also to the poor—a conviction that realized itself in the founding of Hull House and the beginning of a social experiment in applied democracy. To bring to the immigrant, the ignorant, and the inefficient some of the advantages of a free country is to arouse the conscious point of view of a free citizen. The resolve of the residents of Hull House to become an integral part of the lives of their foreign neighbors, and thereby to initiate their foreign neighbors into the meanings of American institutions, is one of the greatest patriotic experiments in all times; and it is an experiment in which the foreign neighbors have taught as valuable lessons in civic values as they have learned.

Throughout the account of the ever-increasing number of projects engaged in by the residents of Hull House, the quality of the master mind stamps all achievement with a fine, disinterested, detached idealism. Some of the most significant passages in the book describe the struggles of a spirit sympathetic with every human need, appreciative of every human effort, but resisting ultimately every system of thought or life framed for alien circumstances or springing other than from the new soil of American life. In complete sympathy with the Socialists' desire to improve the lot of the working-man, Jane Addams nevertheless confesses that she could never become a Socialist. After a pilgrimage to Yasanaya Polyana, and a resolve to lead the simple life and earn the necessities of life at a trade, sober reflection obliged her to reject Tolstoy's solution of the problems of social maladjustment. "The demands of actual pressing human wants—were these all to be pushed aside and asked to wait while I saved my soul by two hours' work at baking bread?"

There is no royal road to industrial democracy nor any social formula

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for it. The life of Jane Addams and the experience of twenty years at Hull House points the way that each reformer and any group of reformers must travel by themselves. Social improvement and the realization of social ideals is a long, slow, intricate process of growth; of feeling after "good ways of doing things"; of coming into touch with every element in the community both good and bad; of valuing every purposive energy, whether in immigrant or native-born; of identifying interests that appear antagonistic and reconciling ends that appear divergent. This is the social programme of the neighbor that Chicago is proud to call its "First Citizen."

A Short History of Woman's Rights. By Eugene A. Hecker. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1910.

Whether we are by conviction of the elect or temperamentally "anti," we are settling down, boy and man, to a very solid interest in the "Woman Question." It has very evidently come to stay; and though we are properly disgusted at the idea of our mothers and sisters walking in parades, we do not quite discard our sweetheart when she talks politics and we are becoming genuinely enthusiastic over college girls. With women voting in five States, and the prospect of suffrage in California at the next election, the patient American man has ceased to jeer and has taken surreptitiously to reading. *A Short History of Woman's Rights*, by a master in the Roxbury Latin School, gives a brief, condensed, and admirably pointed survey of the status of women and the laws regarding marriage, divorce, inheritance, property, etc., from the days of Augustus to the present time. Especial reference is made to conditions in England and the United States. No man need blush to be found with it in his pocket. It is especially designed for the New Man—the man who has faith in the New Woman; and incidentally is an excellent little handbook of facts, dates, and general information on a subject that is perennially new and only intermittently old.

Panama and the Canal To-day. By Forbes Lindsay. Boston: L. C. Page & Co., 1910.

All mankind may love a lover, but its interest in the explorer and the adventurer is still more keen. For four hundred years the stage setting for some of the most daring acts of valor and romance has been the Spanish Main, the peaks of Darien, the Isthmus from Porto Bello to Panama. But the heroes who have occupied the center of the stage have greatly changed in character. From the days of Balboa, Drake, and Henry Morgan to the days of De Lesseps, Gorgas, and Goethals the popular idea of a conqueror has enlarged to include not only dominion over the naked savage and the defenseless town, but the impassable jungle, the land-sliding mountain range, and the fever-bearing mosquito. An obscure author of a *Whimsical History of Mankind* might find food for reflection in this changed attitude of hero worship and write an instructive chapter on the progress of civilization from the text, "What men have conquered in Panama."

But whether we admit a sneaking fondness for the ancient buccaneers or an outright enthusiasm for the modern engineers (or both), Forbes Lindsay's *Panama and the Canal To-day* is good reading. The construction

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and opening of the Panama Canal is the most important single event within the lifetime of every reader of these printed words and is fraught with economic and political consequences the importance of which may not even be predicted. Most of us know something about the canal; all of us want to know more. And the very things we have wanted to know and have always meant to ask somebody about or look up in the *World Almanac* Mr. Lindsay has told us. Part I, on "The Canal," gives an interesting history of the European occupation of the Isthmus and the early projects for a waterway between the oceans. In 1520 Charles I. of Spain ordered the first survey of the Isthmus to determine the best route for a canal. Since that time the "Dream of the Strait" has lured many men of many nations to hazard property and life in the Promethean attempt to turn continents into islands. The chapters on the various projects for building a ship-canal that followed the publication of Humboldt's *Political Essay on New Spain*, the construction of the railroad, the French enterprise and its failure, the various American schemes finally culminating in the present undertaking, link "history" and "current events" in a tale of romance that starts our blood bounding and dims the glamour of much modern fiction. But for three chapters in the second part, on "The Country," we register our undying obligation. Sandwiched in between an account of old Panama and the Panama of to-day is a translation of an account of Henry Morgan's famous raid on the Isthmus, ending with the Sack of Panama, written by one Esquemeling, a pirate and a member of the band. The accounts of the churches, the resources of the country, the happy hunting-ground of archæologists among the ancient graves of the Chiriqui, are models for the library traveler who aims to bring local color to the stay-at-home reader. But we must confess that when we had come to the last page and absorbed our last impression we turned back and read once more about Henry Morgan!

THE NEW NATIONALISM. By THEODORE ROOSEVELT. New York: The Outlook Company, 1911.

A club of ten small boys ranging between the ages of nine and fourteen —Russian Jews by extraction and red-hot Americans by conviction—was organized some years ago in a City Settlement for the study of American heroes. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution. After a single session it presented a document to the present reviewer for consideration, which for point and pith excelled any State papers or letters patent that previous experience or subsequent research have revealed. It read as follows:

"Article I. This club is named the Teddy Roosevelt.
Article II. Mustn't spit.
Article III. Mustn't swear.
Article IV. Mustn't lie."

The public utterances of the American hero thus immortalized, which are collected in book form under the title *The New Nationalism*, recall vividly the mandatory nature of the last three articles. The American people in general, and Western Americans in particular, are adjured that they must be honest; they must be courageous, they must have common

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sense and show fair play (beg pardon, "a square deal"!) to all parties. There is no need to lay emphasis on intelligence, wisdom, or foresight as civic virtues. There is no demand that the leaders of the people shall excel and surpass the electorate in experience or vision, for we are told: "In a democracy like ours we cannot expect the stream to rise higher than its source. If the average man and woman are not of the right type, your public men will not be of the right type." *The New Nationalism,* which means a consideration of the good of the whole as over against the good of local or special interests, depends not on new knowledge, but on certain old moralities.

The views of the distinguished author on the relation between State and Federal powers, on the conservation of natural resources, on the relation of Capital and Labor, on the principle of government by expert commission, are enunciated with characteristic vigor and common sense, and express what many American citizens believe and have believed for a long time. They contain not a whit of original material nor a single original idea. A heartless academe would say that the unit of their value was quantitative rather than qualitative, and that their appeal was to numbers rather than to intelligence. We learn from the introduction that the addresses were delivered before "great," "huge," "vast," "big," "large" "throngs," "masses," "assemblages," and "audiences," and they suffer somewhat when reduced in scope to a single volume and a gentle reader. Reviewed without passion and compared with the private sentiments publicly uttered by other American citizens, they do not seem to merit the editorial reverence bestowed upon them in the introduction and in the concluding historical summary. Mr. Ernest Hamlin Abbott performs the mental equivalent of taking off his shoes as he approaches the sacred ground of Mr. Roosevelt's personality. The esteemed editor of the *Outlook* places this series of speeches in historical sequence with the movement to extend Federal powers initiated by Washington and furthered by Lincoln.

But in the woof of political platitudes concerning democracy runs a warp of doctrine that is not democratic. A private citizen on a lecturing tour thus addresses the Denver Live Stock Association: "All that I ask—I do not ask it, I demand it—on behalf of the people is that these corporations submit to such supervision and control as shall insure that, together with the development, together with the benefit to the man making the development, there shall go good to the public." "If you find it (range control) excludes any small man and you will bring any specific facts to me I will do my best to remedy it." "If there is one lesson I would rather teach my fellow-Americans than any other, it is to hound down the dishonest man." "I will cinch the dishonest man of the other party, and if he is a member of my own party I will cinch him a little bit quicker." In discussing the cruise of the battle-ships around the world with "our people" of Omaha we read: "I said I had money to send it (the fleet) to the Pacific and I intended to send it there, and then if they did not want to appropriate the money to get it back it was their affair." "We took that canal upon the ground that Uncle Sam was big enough to tackle the job, and now we have got to show that Uncle Sam is big enough to make a good job of it." "I want the good-will of every nation; I want to deserve it, but in vital matters I don't want to trust to it."

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"Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed that he is grown so great?" Strong meat, no doubt, too strong for babies, for the average man and woman, for the student of politics and the lovers of freedom, beauty, and wisdom, whose faint pipings are drowned by the trumpet's blare. This may be *The New Nationalism,* but it is not democracy.

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN INDIVIDUALISM AND COLLECTIVISM IN A DEMOCRACY. By CHARLES ELIOT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1911.

Nothing could be more unlike *The New Nationalism* in temper and treatment than President Eliot's three lectures on *The Conflict Between Individualism and Collectivism in a Democracy.* Both books consider many of the same social, industrial, and political problems. The solution proposed in one is the sharp bending of the popular will, in the other the slow changing of the popular attitude of mind by education. Individualism, as defined by President Eliot, is that tendency in human society to emphasize the rights of each person and to place a high value on initiative. Collectivism is the tendency to distrust individual initiative and to hold "that the interest of the many should override the interest of the individual, and, whenever the two interests conflict, should control social action, and yet does not propose to extinguish the individual, but only to restrict him for the common good, including his own." These two tendencies have come into constant conflict for over a century. Since 1870 Collectivism as a social programme has made steady gains at the expense of the older individualistic points of view. Three aspects of this conflict are discussed with the keen insight of a man of affairs, and the wealth of knowledge and experience of a close student of men and institutions: first in the industries, secondly in education, and thirdly in government. In all these three departments of human activity Collectivism has steadily gained on Individualism. The development has been constructive, not destructive, inevitable in consequence of other profound social and industrial changes beneficial in the present and hopeful for the future. It tends neither to anarchy nor to despotism. Its object is that stated in the preamble of the Federal Constitution: "To promote the general welfare and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity."

ANNALS OF EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS. By J. P. GARBER. Vol. VIII., Lippincott's Educational Series. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott, 1911.

The most absorbing problems which modern men and women are called upon to grapple with are—after problems of local, State, or Federal government—those connected with school, college, and university administration. Governing the people and educating the people were considered by the Greeks the only pursuits worthy of a free citizen. They remain in twentieth-century America the pursuits which present the greatest complexity of human interests and demand the most disinterested service. A glance through J. P. Garber's *Annals of Educational Progress* for 1910, which appears as Volume VIII. of Lippincott's Educational Series, gives a very fair idea of the complexity which faces the modern educator, and

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it is a book which teachers and administrators cannot afford to disregard.

It is a sign of the times that Part I. should be devoted to Vocational Education, the new debatable ground in the educational world, and that the interests of the public school come second. The idea of vocational training in the school and vocational guidance to a future occupation after school has turned the trend of discussion in the last few years away from things purely pedagogic. For the time being many teachers are more interested in what the child is to do when he is a man than in what or how he is to learn while he is a child. The sections of Mr. Garber's book dealing with the institutions for higher learning are less satisfactory than those dealing with elementary and secondary schools. But teachers of all grades will read with interest Part IV., on "matters affecting the emoluments and standing of teachers." According to the Carnegie Foundation, the average salary of a college professor in the United States is $1,376, of a man teacher in the public schools $750, of a woman teacher $600. Education is the only thing in this country that is given for less than its value, and teachers the only craftsmen for whom "love of their work" openly supplements the pay envelope.

The *résumé* of foreign educational interests in Part VI. contains many valuable references to foreign methods and are of special value in dealing with the various foreign elements in the city schools. "The school," said President Faunce, "is a great melting-pot where our diverse people and multiple interests are fused into national unity." The teacher in this country, rather than the statesman, has his hand on the pulse of national life.

Is Mankind Advancing? By Mrs. John Martin. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company, 1910.

Had the writer of this remarkable literary production (we hesitate to call it a book) flourished in the latter part of the seventeenth century in the heyday of the bombastic pamphleteers our emotions on perusal would be less mixed. We might have classed it with Bramhall's *Catching of Leviathan, the Great Whale,"* or even identified it as an obscure work of the great Hobbes himself. But the date on the title-page proclaims it twentieth century and internal evidence verifies the date. So much atrociously bad writing, superficial study, and sloppy thinking has been devoted to American social problems in the last few years that when the publishers' advanced note, advertising the fact that Mrs. Martin's work took as the norm of critical judgment certain elements of Greek social and political life, the heart of this reviewer leaped up and rejoiced as did the "little hills" of the Psalmist. Re-reading and reflection reveal awe rather than gladness.

By means of a calculus that must forever remain a mystery to the slave of the historical method, Mrs. Martin subtracts the well-known defects of the Greeks from their illustrious attainments and arrives at a sum total of merit. "The credit side of Greek culture which is here described is a net result—after the debit side has been deducted." With this net result as a criterion our progress is measured by "genius," by "more things and more facts," by "morals," and by "mysticism." In every aspect of life we moderns are weighed and found wanting. It is a wonder that such unfit

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creatures as modern men have managed to survive—still, Darwin, not being a Greek, may have been mistaken in his formula of progress. A great many of Mrs. Martin's animadversions against the evils of modern life are true and cannot be presented to the popular mind too often or too vigorously, but the sweeping assertions of the author are rendered ineffective by the fact that she seems totally ignorant of modern studies in logic, psychology, and biology—especially Mendel's Law—and of the conclusions of modern mathematicians, physicists, and astronomers. An instance may be cited of the painless methods employed in dismissing a subject: "The science of logic was begun and completed by Aristotle at one stroke. No one understood its laws before him and no one has known any more since."

But though the author's armor is perforated for attack, we shall exhibit a Greek restraint in refraining from mentioning any defects or flaws other than those of form. As a printed work it is a model of what the plastic mind of youth should avoid imitating. It has annoying footnotes—on some pages longer than the text; it marshals authority without introduction; prefacing to unassimilated quotation such phrases reminiscent of the Book of Common Prayer as "Cuvier says," "Kant wrote," "Cicero said." Goethe, Hegel, and Romanes are deserving only of a colon. There is no discriminating between authorities thus assembled, and there are too few references to the source of the quotations. "Withington," "Copleston," and "Professor Middleton" find their places among the little great men of our day and the heroes of antiquity, but our ardor for research was dampened when on looking up the last-named authority in *Minerva* we found that, like that other beautiful lyrical child, he is seven!

Is Mankind Advancing? as we hinted before, is not a book. It is a hailstorm of facts, a cyclone center of quotations, a draughty alley for every wind of doctrine. In passing through the reviewer caught a mental influenza—fortunately not fatal.

A Rational Banking System. By H. M. P. Eckardt. New York and London: Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Eckardt's *A Rational Banking System* is a brief for the system of Branch Banks and a criticism of the extravagance and insecurity of the *laissez-faire* methods of American banking. The book is the fruit of twenty-four years of experience in various Canadian Branch Banks and in the head office and of fifteen years of close study of American banking conditions. It combines in an unusual degree a wide range of information concerning banking conditions in many countries and a first-hand knowledge of the practical details of bank administration. After a preliminary criticism of some of the most apparent weaknesses in the American Single Bank System, such as defalcations and fraud, excessive cost, and liability to panics, Mr. Eckardt introduces his argument for the Canadian Branch Bank System by outlining the organization and working of several hypothetical Branch Banks: one in Massachusetts, a typical industrial and agricultural State, and one in Minnesota, a typical wheat-producing State. Of the three remedies proposed for solving the present problem of inelastic currency, the issue of asset currency, the establishment of a central bank, or the organization of branch banks, the author is naturally in favor of the third. But the discussion of the first two remedies is admirably clear and sug-

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gestive. In summing up his arguments in favor of a radical change in the American Banking Law, Mr. Eckardt points out twenty-five advantages which the Canadian, English, and French Branch Bank System has over the American Single Bank System. A few of these will indicate the nature of the argument. The Branch Bank System would provide an effective method of checking and preventing fraud; it would reduce the number of bank failures; it would reduce the expense of conducting banking business; it would reduce the number of financial panics; it would extend good banking facilities to small villages and country communities; it would improve the borrowing facilities extended to large manufacturing and mercantile houses; it would facilitate the movement of crops; it would satisfactorily solve the currency question; it would lessen Wall Street's domination over other parts of the country; it would insure a large measure of banking publicity; and it would improve the international standing of the United States.

THE PRINCIPLES OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT. By FREDERICK WINSLOW TAYLOR. New York and London: Harper & Brothers, 1911.

Things are moving rapidly these days, and one uncanny evidence of the speed of the times is the way an innocent word or phrase in the course of a few months or years acquires significance. The simple description of a method or a mode of activity becomes by sheer repetition a "world movement," a "platform of social reform," a "philosophy of life." We have watched the careers of "strenuous," "social maladjustment," "social service," "vocational," "conservation," in their meteoric flight through the popular vocabulary. We confess to an hysterical tendency to break into tears when we are told that the "industries have left the homes and that women have followed them into the factories." It would seem that as a people we have so little originality of thought or power of articulation that we grasp as drowning men at straw phrases and, finding they give no support, drag them down to the murky depths of platitude. This may happen to "scientific management," and it would be a pity, for among the various tendencies of thought and action which the phrase comprehends lies perhaps the solution of our greatest industrial and administrative difficulties. In the radical changes which an application of its doctrines may bring about we foresee an industrial revolution even more far-reaching in its social and political consequences than that upheaval in the late eighteenth century which drove the unfortunate industries "out of the home." The theory and practice of scientific management may not be attributed entirely to the genius of Mr. Frederick W. Taylor. The *Zeitgeist* has ably abetted Mr. Taylor in bringing to successful completion tasks that dwarf the accomplishments of most able men. A study of Mr. Taylor's life and methods of work is still the best example we have of real scientific management. Mr. Taylor's little book on the *Principles of Scientific Management* is the best general expression we have of what purports to be the new principle of industrial organization, and what an increasing number of hard-headed business men and academic "visionaries" believe to be the promise of a new industrial life. The "principles" are few and simple; the industrial revolution that will ensue, and is ensuing, as they are being applied, is not only an increase of output, of wealth, and of wages, but a revolution in the attitude of the workman to his work, to his employer, and to the whole industrial world;

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a revolution in the attitude of the employer to his workman, to his wealth, and to his relation to society. The formulæ for these changes are four in number: first, the development of a truly scientific method for each operation in each trade; second, the scientific selection of workmen for each operation; third, the scientific education and development of the workman in his trade; fourth, the intimate and friendly co-operation between management and men. The results of applying these principles sound like the pipe-dreams of an optimist. Schmidt, the pig-iron handler of Bethlehem, who in intelligence was but one long step ahead of a high-grade baboon, under scientific management increased his capacity to load pig-iron from twelve and one-half tons to forty-seven and one-half tons per day. Science applied to brick-laying increased the output from 120 to 350 bricks an hour; thirty-five girls could "scientifically" inspect the same number of ball-bearings that 120 had inspected under rule-of-thumb or "soldiering" methods, working eight and one-half hours instead of ten and one-half hours. Increased output, lower prices, higher wages, and a shorter working-day have everywhere followed the systematic introduction of Mr. Taylor's system. It would seem at the outset to realize the demands of organized labor, of progressive industrial interests, and the vision of the "friend of humanity."

But scientific management is as yet an experiment; the greatest in the industrial world since the days of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, and Telford. Alarmists are crying out about the "machine man," the loss of initiative to the individual workman. Mr. Gompers has a gnawing suspicion that it "presents old systems of force-work, tyrannical supervision, and sweating under the guise of new terms." "The object of the system," according to the *Federationist*, "is to transform every factory into an industrial speedway." In the controversy that is raging for and against the principles of scientific management one fact stands out very clearly. Before we attempt to gear the human machine any higher we must institute a very vigorous educational campaign as to the end and aim of human productivity, a campaign which Mr. Taylor has opened and which should find enrolled the best citizens of the Republic.

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"UNDER WESTERN EYES"*

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

CHAPTER XV—*(Continued)*

Miss Haldin recoiled from him a little, though he had made no movement, no gesture, but as if she had seen some change in his face charging his words with the significance of some hidden sentiment they shared together. To me, the silent spectator, they looked in a moment of sudden insight like two people becoming conscious of a spell which had been lying on them ever since they first set eyes on each other. Had either of them cast a glance then in my direction, I would have opened the door quietly and gone out. But neither did; and I remained, every fear of indiscretion lost in the sense of my enormous remoteness from their captivity within the somber horizon of Russian problems, the boundary of their eyes, of their feelings, the prison of their souls.

Frank, courageous, Miss Haldin controlled her voice in the midst of her slight trouble.

"What can this mean?" she asked, as if speaking to herself.

"It may mean that you have given yourself up to vain imaginings, while I have managed to remain among the truth of things and the realities of life—our Russian life—such as they are."

"They are cruel," she murmured.

"And ugly. Don't forget that—and ugly. Look where you like. Look near you, here abroad, where you are, and then look back at home, whence you came."

"You must look beyond the present." Her tone had an ardent conviction.

"The blind can do that best. I have had the misfortune to be born clear-eyed. And if you only knew what strange things I have seen! What amazing and unexpected apparitions . . . But why talk of all this!"

"On the contrary, I want to talk of all this with you," she protested, with grave serenity. The somber humors of her brother's friend left her unaffected, as though that bitterness, that suppressed anger, were the signs of an indignant rectitude. She saw that he was not an ordinary personality, and perhaps she did not want him to be other than he appeared to her trustful eyes. "Yes, with you especially," she insisted. "With you of all the Russian people in the world. . . ." A faint smile dwelt for a moment on her lips. "I am like poor mother in a way. I, too, seem unable to give up our beloved dead, who, don't forget, was all in all to us. I don't want to abuse your sympathy—but you must understand that it is in you that we can find all that is left of his generous soul."

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I was looking at him. Not a muscle of his face moved in the least. And yet even at the time I did not suspect him of insensibility. It was a sort of rapt expression. Then he stirred slightly.

"You are going, Kirylo Sidorovitch?" she asked.

"I! Going? Where? Oh yes, but I must tell you first. . . ." His voice was muffled and he forced himself to produce it with visible repugnance, as if speech were something disgusting or deadly. "That story, you know—the story I heard this afternoon. . . ."

"I know the story already," she said, sadly.

"You know it! Have you correspondents in Petersburg, too?"

"No; it's Sofia Antonovna. I have seen her just now. She sends you her greetings. She is going away to-morrow."

He had lowered at last his fascinated glance; she, too, was looking down, and standing thus before each other in the glaring light between the four bare walls they seemed brought out from the confused immensity of the Eastern borders to be exposed cruelly to the observation of my Western eyes. And I observed them. There was nothing else to do. My existence seemed so utterly forgotten by these two that I dared not now make a movement. And I thought to myself that, of course, they had to come together, the sister and the friend of that dead man. The ideas, the hopes, the aspirations, the cause of freedom, expressed in their common affection for Victor Haldin, the moral victim of autocracy—all that must draw them to each other fatally. Her very ignorance and his loneliness to which he had alluded so strangely must work to that end. And, indeed, I saw that the work was done already. Of course. It was manifest that they must have been thinking of each other for a long time before they met. She had the letter from that beloved brother kindling her imagination by the severe praise attached to that one name; and it was impossible to imagine that the two women should have been kept out of the intercourse between such intimate political friends. And if he was at all attached to that friend, if he had any admiration for his character, it was enough to guide his thoughts to that friend's sister. She was no stranger to him when he saw her first; and to see that exceptional girl was enough. The only cause for surprise was his strange and gloomy aloofness before her clearly expressed welcome. But he was young, and however austere and devoted to his revolutionary ideals, he was not blind. The period of reserve was over; he was coming forward in his own way. I could not mistake the significance of this late visit, for in what he had to say there was nothing urgent. The true cause dawned upon me: he had discovered that he needed her—whether he understood it or not—and she, perhaps, was moved by the same feeling. It was the second time that I saw them together, and I knew that the next time I would not be there, either remembered or forgotten. I would have virtually ceased to exist for both these young people.

I made this discovery in a very few moments. Meantime Natalia Haldin was telling Razumov briefly of our peregrinations from one end of Geneva to the other. While speaking she raised her hands above her head to untie her veil, and that movement displayed for an instant the strength and the grace of her youthful figure, clad in the simplest of mourning. In the transparent shadow the hat-rim threw on her face, her gray

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eyes had an enticing luster. Her voice, with its unfeminine yet exquisite timbre, was steady, and she spoke quickly, frankly, unembarrassed. As she justified her action by the mental state of her mother a spasm of pain marred the generously confiding harmony of her features. I perceived that with his downcast eyes he had the air of a man who is listening to a strain of music rather than to articulated speech. And in the same way, after she had ceased, he seemed to listen, yet motionless, as if under the spell of suggestive sound. He came to himself muttering:

"Yes, yes. She had not shed a tear. She did not seem to hear what I was saying. I might have told her anything. She looked as if no longer belonging to this world."

Miss Haldin gave signs of profound distress. Her voice faltered. "You don't know how bad it has come to be. She expects now to see *him!*" The veil dropped from her fingers and she clasped her hands in anguish. "It will end by her seeing him," she cried.

Razumov raised his head sharply and attached on her a prolonged, thoughtful glance.

"H'm. That's very possible," he muttered in a peculiar tone, as if giving his opinion on a matter of fact. "I wonder what . . ." He checked himself.

"That would be the end. Her mind will be gone then and her spirit will follow."

Miss Haldin unclasped her hands and let them fall by her side.

"You think so?" he queried, profoundly. Miss Haldin's lips were slightly parted. Something unexpected and unfathomable in that young man's character had fascinated her from the first. "No, there's neither truth nor consolation to be got from the phantoms of the dead," he added, after a weighty pause. "I might have told her something true; for instance, that your brother meant to save his life—to escape. There can be no doubt of that. But I did not."

"You did not! But why?"

"I don't know. Other thoughts came into my head," he answered. An extraordinary coolness had succeeded the confusion and trouble of the first moments of their meeting; but even then he seemed to me to be watching himself inwardly, as though he were trying to count his own heart-beats, while his eyes never for a moment left the face of the girl. "You were not there," he continued. "I had made up my mind never to see you again."

This seemed to take her breath away for a moment.

"You . . . How is it possible?"

"You may well ask. . . . However, I think that I refrained from telling your mother from prudence. I might have assured her that in the last conversation he held as a free man he mentioned you both. . . ."

"That last conversation was with you," she struck in in her deep, moving voice. "Some day you must . . ."

"It was with me. Of you he said that you had trustful eyes. And why I have not been able to forget that phrase I don't know. It meant that there is in you no guile, no deception, no falsehood, no suspicion—nothing in your heart that could give you a conception of a living, acting, speaking lie if ever it came in your way. That you were a predestined victim . . . What a devilish suggestion!"

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The convulsive, uncontrolled tone of the last words disclosed the precarious hold he had over himself. It was like a man defying his own dizziness in high places and tottering suddenly on the very edge of the precipice. Miss Haldin pressed her hand to her breast. The dropped black veil lay on the floor between them. Her movement steadied him. He looked intently on that hand till it descended slowly, and then raised again his eyes to her face. But he did not give her time to speak.

"No? You don't understand? Very well." He had recovered his calm by a miracle of will. "So you talked with Sofia Antonovna?"

"Yes, Sofia Antonovna told me . . ." Miss Haldin stopped, wonder growing in her wide eyes.

"H'm! That's the respectable enemy," he muttered, as though he were alone.

"The tone of her references to you was extremely friendly," remarked Miss Haldin, after waiting for a while.

"Is that your impression? And she the most intelligent of the lot, too. Things then are going as well as possible. Everything conspires to . . . Ah! These conspirators," he said, slowly, with an accent of scorn. "They would get hold of you in no time! You know, Natalia Viktorovna, I have the greatest difficulty in saving myself from the superstition of an active Providence. It's irresistible . . . The alternative, of course, would be the personal devil of our simple ancestors. But if so he has overdone it altogether—the old father of lies—our national patron—our domestic god whom we take with us when we go abroad. He has overdone it. It seems that I am not simple enough. . . . That's it! I ought to have known. . . . And I did know it," he added, in a tone of poignant distress which overcame my astonishment.

"This man is deranged," I said to myself, very much frightened.

The next moment he gave me a very special impression beyond the range of commonplace definitions. It was as though he had stabbed himself outside and had come in there to show it—and more than that—as though he were turning the knife in the wound and watching the effect. That was the impression rendered in physical terms. One could not defend oneself from a certain amount of pity. But it was for Miss Haldin, already so tried in her deepest affections, that I felt a serious concern. Her attitude, her face expressed compassion struggling with doubt on the verge of terror.

"What is it, Kirylo Sidorovitch?" There was a hint of tenderness in that cry. He only stared at her in that complete surrender of all his faculties which in a happy person would have had the name of ecstasy.

"Why are you looking at me like this, Kirylo Sidorovitch? I have approached you frankly. I need at this time to see clearly in myself . . ." She ceased for a moment, as if to give him an opportunity to utter at last some word worthy of her exalted trust of her brother's friend. His silence became impressive, like a sign of some momentous resolution.

In the end, Miss Haldin went on, appealingly:

"I have waited for you anxiously. But now that you have been moved to come to us in your kindness—you alarm me. You speak obscurely. It seems as if you were keeping back something from me."

"Tell me, Natalia Viktorovna"—he was heard at last in a strange, unringing voice—"who did you see in that place?"

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She was startled—as if deceived in her expectations.

"Where? At Peter Ivanovitch's rooms? There was Mr. Laspar and three other people."

"Ha! The vanguard—the forlorn hope of the great plot," he commented to himself. "Bearers of the spark to start an explosion which is meant to change fundamentally the life of so many millions in order that Peter Ivanovitch should be the head of a state."

"You are testing me," she said. "Our dear one told me once to remember that men serve always something greater than themselves—the idea."

"Our dear one," he repeated, slowly. The effort he made to appear unmoved absorbed all the force of his soul. He stood before her like a being with hardly a breath of life. His eyes even, as under great physical suffering, had lost all their fire. "Ah! Your brother . . . but on your lips, in your voice, it sounds . . . and, indeed, in you everything is . . . I wish I could know the innermost depths of your thoughts, of your feelings."

"But why, Kirylo Sidorovitch?" she cried, alarmed by these words coming out of strangely lifeless lips.

"Have no fear. It is not to betray you. So you went there. . . . And Sofia Antonovna, what did she tell you then? . . ."

"She said very little really. She knew that I should hear everything from you. She had no time for more than a few words." Miss Haldin's voice dropped and she became silent for a moment. "The man, it appears, has taken his life," she said, sadly.

"Tell me, Natalia Viktorovna," he asked, after a pause, "do you believe in remorse?"

"What a question!"

"What can you know of it?" he muttered, thickly. "It is not for such as you. . . . What I meant to ask was whether you believed in the efficacy of remorse."

She hesitated as though she had not understood, then her face lighted up.

"Yes," she said, firmly.

"So he is absolved. Moreover, that Ziemianitch was a brute—a drunken brute."

A shudder passed through Natalia Haldin.

"But a man of the people," Razumov went on, "to whom they, the revolutionists, tell a tale of sublime hopes. Well, the people must be forgiven. . . . And you must not believe all you've heard from that source either," he added, with a sort of sinister reluctance.

"You are concealing something from me," she exclaimed.

"Do you, Natalia Viktorovna, believe in the duty of revenge?"

"Listen, Kirylo Sidorovitch, I believe that the future will be merciful to us all. Revolutionist and reactionary, victim and executioner, betrayer and betrayed, they shall all be pitied together when the light breaks on our black sky at last. Pitied and forgotten, for without that there can be no union and love."

"I hear. No revenge for you, then? Never? Not the least bit?" He smiled bitterly with his colorless lips. "You yourself are like the very spirit of that merciful future. Strange that it does not make it easier. . . . No! But suppose that the real betrayer of your brother—Ziemianitch had a part in it too, but insignificant and quite involuntary—suppose that

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he was a young man, educated—an intellectual worker—thoughtful—a man your brother might have trusted lightly perhaps, but still—suppose . . . But there's a whole story there."

"And you know the story? But why then . . ."

"I have heard it. There is a staircase in it—and even phantoms—but that does not matter if a man always serves something greater than himself—the idea. I wonder who is the greatest victim in that tale."

"In that tale!" Miss Haldin repeated. She seemed turned into stone.

"Do you know why I came to you? It is simply because there is no one anywhere in the whole great world I could go to. Do you understand what I say? No one to go to. Do you conceive the desolation of the thought: no one to go to. . . ."

She was so utterly misled by her own enthusiastic interpretation of two lines in the letter of a visionary, so much already under the spell of her own dread of lonely days in their overshadowed world of angry strife, that she was a thousand miles from the glimpse of the truth struggling on his lips. What she was conscious of was the obscure form of his suffering. She was on the point of extending her hand to him impulsively when he spoke again.

"An hour after I saw you first I knew how it would be. The terrors of remorse, revenge, confession, anger, hate, fear are like nothing to the atrocious temptation which you put in my way the day you appeared before me with your voice, with your face, in the garden of that accursed villa."

She looked utterly bewildered for a moment; then with a sort of swift despair she went straight to the point.

"The story, Kirylo Sidorovitch, the story!"

"There is no more to tell." He made a movement forward, and she actually put her hand on his shoulder to push him away, but her strength failed her, and he kept his ground, though trembling in every limb. "It ends here—on this very spot. The man stands before you." He pressed a denunciatory finger to his breast with force and became perfectly still. I ran forward snatching up the chair, and was in time to catch hold of Miss Haldin and lower her down. As she sank into it she swung half round on my arm and remained averted from us both drooping over the back. He looked down at her with a horrible expressionless tranquillity. Incredulity struggling with astonishment, anger, and disgust deprived me of my power of speech. Then I turned on him, speaking low from very rage.

"This is monstrous. What are you staying for now? Don't let her catch sight of you again. Go away. . . ." He did not budge. "Don't you understand that your presence is horrible—even to me? You've behaved atrociously. If there's any sense of shame in you, you will go at once."

Slowly his big head, his sullen eyes, moved in my direction. "How did this old man come here?" he muttered, astounded.

Suddenly Miss Haldin sprang up from the chair without giving us a glance, made a few steps, and tottered. Forgetting my indignation and even the man himself, I hurried to her assistance. I took her by the arm, and she let me lead her into the drawing-room. Away from the lamp, in the deeper dusk of the distant end, the profile of Mrs. Haldin, her hands had an

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unearthly whiteness. The whole figure had the stillness of a somber painting. Miss Haldin stopped, leaning on my arm, and without a word pointed mournfully at the terrible immobility of her mother, who seemed to watch a beloved head lying in her lap.

That gesture had an unequaled force of expression—so tragic, so far-reaching in its human distress that one could not believe that it pointed out merely the ruthless working of political institutions. After assisting Miss Haldin to the sofa, I turned round to go back and shut the door; but framed in the opening, in the searching glare of the white anteroom, my eyes met another instructive picture. Razumov was still there, standing before the empty chair, as if rooted forever to the spot of his atrocious confession. A wonder came over me that the mysterious force which had torn it out of him had failed to shatter his body. It was there unscathed. I could see the broad line of his shoulders, his dark head, the amazing immobility of his limbs. On the floor near his feet the veil dropped by Miss Haldin looked intensely black in the white crudity of the light. He seemed to be gazing down at it spellbound. Next moment, stooping with an incredible savage swiftness, he snatched it up and pressed it to his face with both hands. Something, extreme astonishment perhaps, dimmed my eyes, so that he seemed to vanish before he moved.

The slamming of the outer door restored my sight, and I went on contemplating the empty chair in the empty anteroom. The meaning of what I had seen reached my mind with a staggering effect. I seized Natalia Haldin by the shoulder.

"That miserable wretch has carried off your veil," I cried, in the scared, deadened voice of an awful discovery. "He . . ."

The rest remained unspoken. I stepped back and looked at her confused and scared. Her hands were lying lifelessly, palms upward, on her lap; she raised her gray eyes slowly. Shadows seemed to come and go in them, as if the steady flame of her soul had been made to vacillate at last in the cross-currents of poisoned air from the corrupted dark immensity claiming her for its own, where virtues themselves fester into crimes in the cynicism of oppression and revolt.

"It is impossible to be more unhappy . . ." The languid effort of her voice struck me with dismay. I could almost wish myself dead. . . . I feel my heart becoming like ice."

CHAPTER XVI

Razumov walked straight home on the wet, glistening pavement. A shower passed over him; distant lightning played faintly against the fronts of the dumb houses with the shuttered shops all along the Rue de Carouge; and now and then after the faint flash there was a faint, sleepy rumble, but the main forces of the thunder-storm remained massed down the Rhone Valley, as if loath to attack the respectable and passionless abode of democratic liberty, the serious-minded town of dreary hotels tendering the same indifferent, secretly scornful hospitality to tourists of all nations and to international conspirators of every shade.

The owner of the shop was making ready to close when Razumov entered and without word extended his hand for the key of his room. On reaching it for him from a shelf, the man was about to pass a small joke as to taking

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the air in a thunder-storm, but, after looking at the face of his lodger, he only observed, just to say something,

"You've got wet."

"It's nothing," muttered Razumov, and passed through the inner door toward the staircase leading to his room.

He did not change his clothes, but, after lighting the candle, took off his watch and chain, laid them on the table, and sat down at once to write. The book of his compromising record was kept in a locked drawer, which he pulled out violently and did not even trouble to push back afterward.

In this queer pedantism of a man who had read, thought, lived pen in hand, there is the sincerity of the attempt to grapple by the same means with another knowledge. After some passages which have been already made use of in the building up of this narrative or add nothing new to the psychological side of this disclosure (there is even an allusion to the silver medal), comes a page and a half of incoherent writing where his expression is baffled by the novelty and the mysteriousness of that side of our emotional life to which his solitary existence was a stranger. Then only he begins to address directly the reader he had in his mind, trying to tell in broken sentences full of wonder and awe of the sovereign (he uses that very word) power of her person over his imagination in which lay the dormant seed of her brother's words.

". . . The most trustful eyes in the world—he said of you when he was as well as a dead man already. And when you stood before me offering your hand I remembered the very sound of his voice and I looked into them—and that was enough. I knew that something had happened, but I did not know then what. . . . But don't be deceived, Natalia Viktorovna. I thought I had in my breast nothing but an inexhaustible fund of anger and hate for you. I remembered that he had looked to you for the perpetuation of his visionary soul. He had robbed me of my hard-working, purposeful existence. I, too, had my idea, and remember that among us it is more difficult to lead such a life than to go out in the street and kill from conviction. But enough of that. Hate or no hate, I know that while shunning the sight of you I could never succeed in driving away your image. I would say, addressing that dead man, 'Is this the way you are going to haunt me?' It is only later than I understood—only to-day, only a few hours ago. What could I have known of what was tearing me to pieces and dragging the secret forever to my lips? You were appointed to undo the evil by making me betray myself back into truth and peace. You! And in the same way, too, by forcing upon me your confidence. Only what I detested him for in you ended by appearing noble and exalted. But be not deceived. I exulted in having induced that silly, innocent fool to steal his father's money. He was a fool, but not a thief. I made him one. It was necessary. I had to confirm myself in my contempt and hate for what I betrayed. I have had as many vipers in my heart as any social democrat of them all—vanity, ambitions, jealousies, shameful desires, evil passions of envy and revenge. I had my security stolen from me, years of good work, my best hopes. Listen—now comes the true confession. The other was nothing. To save me your trustful eyes had to entice me to the very edge of the blackest treachery. I could see them constantly looking at me with the confidence of your pure heart that had not been touched by evil things. Victor Haldin had stolen the truth of my life from me who had

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nothing else in the world, and he boasted of living on through you on this earth where I had no place to lay my head on. She will marry some day, he had said—and your eyes were trustful. And do you know what I said to myself? I shall steal his sister's soul from her. When we met that first morning in the gardens and you spoke to me confidingly in the generosity of your spirit I was thinking: he has delivered her into my hands! If you could have looked then into my heart you would have cried out with horror and shame.

"Perhaps no one will believe such an intention. It's certain that when we parted that morning I gloated over it. I brooded upon the best way. That old man walked with me. I don't know who he is. He talked of you, of your lonely, helpless state, and every word of that friend of yours was egging me on. Could it have been the devil in the shape of an old Englishman? Natalia Viktorovna, I was possessed! I came to look at you every day and poison myself with the plans of my infamous intention. But I foresaw difficulties. Then Sofia Antonovna, of whom I was not thinking —I had forgotten her existence—appears suddenly with that tale from St. Petersburg. . . . The only thing needed to make me safe—a trusted revolutionist forever.

"It was as if Ziemianitch had hanged himself on purpose. The strength of falsehood seemed irresistible. These people were doomed by the folly and the illusion that was in them, being themselves the slaves of lies. Natalia Viktorovna, I embraced it, I exulted in it—I gave myself up to it for a time. Who could have resisted! You yourself were the prize of it. I sat alone in my room planning a life the very thought of which makes me shudder now like a believer tempted to a sacrilege. But I brooded ardently over its images. The only thing was that there seemed to be no air in it. And also I was afraid of your mother. I never knew mine. I've never known any kind of love. There is something in the mere word. . . . Of you I was not afraid—forgive me for telling you this. No, not of you. You were truth itself. You could not suspect me. As to your mother, you yourself feared already that her mind had given way from grief. Who could believe anything against me? Had not Ziemianitch hanged himself from remorse? I said to myself: 'Let's put it to the test and be done with it once for all.' I trembled when I went in, but your mother hardly listened to what I was telling her, and in a little while seemed to have forgotten my very existence. I sat looking at her. There was no longer anything between you and me. You were defenseless—and soon, very soon, you would be alone. . . . I thought of you. Defenseless. Pardon this presumption. For days you have talked with me—opening your heart. I remembered the shadow of your eyelashes over your gray, trustful eyes. And your pure forehead! It is low, like the forehead of statues—calm, unstained. It was as if it bore a light which fell on me and searched my heart. Your light. Your truth. I felt I must never see you again. But where could I go? Nothing, nowhere, no one. And then suddenly you stood before me! And then you stood before me. You alone in all the world to whom I could confess. You fascinated—you have freed me from the blindness of anger and hate—the truth in you drew the truth out of me. Now I have done it; and as I write here I am profoundly unhappy, but there is air at last—air. And, by-the-bye, that old man sprang up from somewhere just now and raged at me like a disappointed devil.

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I suffer horribly, but I am not in despair. There is only one more thing to do for me. After that—if they let me—I shall go away and bury myself in obscure misery. In giving Victor Haldin up it was myself, after all, that I have betrayed most basely. You must believe me—you can't refuse to believe this. Most basely. It is through you that I came to feel this so deeply. Therefore, it is they and not I who have the right on their side—the strength of invisible powers. So be it. Only don't be deceived, Natalia Viktorovna. I am not converted. Have I, then, the soul of a slave? No! I am independent, and therefore perdition is my lot."

On these words he stopped writing, shut the book, and wrapped round it the black veil he had carried off; then he ransacked the drawers for paper and string, made up a parcel, which he addressed to Miss Haldin, Boulevard des Philosophes, and then flung the pen away from him into a distant corner.

This done, he sat down with the watch before him. He could have gone out at once, but the hour had not struck. The hour would be midnight. There was no reason for that choice, except that the facts and the words of a certain evening in his past timed his conduct in the present. The sudden power Natalia Haldin had gained over him at the very first sight he ascribed to the same cause. "You don't walk with impunity over a phantom's breast," he heard himself mutter. "Thus he saves me," he thought, suddenly. "He himself the betrayed man." The vivid image of Miss Haldin seemed to stand by him, watching him relentlessly. She was not disturbing. He had done with life, and his thought even in her presence tried to take an impartial survey. Now his scorn extended to himself. "I had neither the simplicity nor the courage nor the self-possession to be a scoundrel—or an exceptionally able man—for who with us in Russia is to tell a scoundrel from an exceptionally able man. . . ."

He was the puppet of his past, because at the very stroke of midnight he jumped up and ran headlong down-stairs with no thought of his latch-key, as if confident that by the power of destiny the house-door would fly open before the absolute necessity of his errand. And, as a matter of fact, just as he got to the bottom of the stairs it was opened for him by some people of the house coming home late—two men and a woman. He slipped out through them into the street, swept then by a fitful gust of wind. They were, of course, very much startled. A flash of lightning enabled them to observe him walking away quickly. One of the men shouted and was starting in pursuit, but the woman had recognized him. "It's that young Russian from the third floor." The darkness returned with a single clap of thunder, like a gun fired for a warning of his escape from the prison of lies.

He must have heard at some time or other and now remembered unconsciously that there was to be a gathering of revolutionists at the house of Julius Laspara that evening. At any rate, he made straight for the Laspara house, and found himself without surprise before its street-door, which of course was closed. By that time the thunder-storm had attacked in earnest. The steep incline of the street ran with water, the thick fall of rain swirled round him like a luminous veil in the play of lightning. He was perfectly calm, and between the crashes listened attentively to the delicate tinkling of the bell somewhere within the house.

There was some difficulty before he was admitted. His person was not

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known to that one of the guests who had volunteered to go down and see what was the matter. Razumov argued with him patiently. There could be no harm in admitting a caller. He had something to communicate to the company up-stairs.

"Of importance?"

"That 'll be for the hearers to judge."

"Urgent?"

"Without a moment's delay."

In the end one of the Laspara daughters descended the stairs, small lamp in hand, in a loose, begrimed gown which seemed to hang on her by a miracle, and looking more than ever like an old doll with a dusty brown wig dragged from under a sofa. She recognized Razumov at once.

"How do you do? Of course you may come in."

Following her light, Razumov climbed two flights of stairs from the lower darkness. Leaving the lamp on a bracket on the landing, she opened a door and went in, accompanied by the skeptical guest. Razumov entered last. He closed the door behind him, and, stepping to one side, put his back against the wall.

The three little rooms "en suite," with low, smoky ceilings and lit by paraffin lamps, were very full. Loud talking was going on in all three, and tea-glasses, full, half full, and empty, stood everywhere, even on the floor. The other Laspara girl sat behind an enormous samovar. In the inner doorway Razumov had a glimpse of the protuberance of a large stomach, which he recognized. Only a few feet from him Julius Laspara was getting down from his high stool.

The appearance of the midnight guest caused some sensation. Laspara is very summary in his version of that night's happenings. After some words of greeting, disregarded by Razumov, Laspara (ignoring purposely his guest's soaked condition and his extraordinary manner of presenting himself) mentioned something about writing an article. He was growing uneasy, and Razumov appeared absent-minded. "I have written already all I shall ever write," he said at last, with a little laugh.

Everybody's attention in that room was turned to the new-comer, dripping with water, deadly pale, and keeping his position against the wall. Razumov put Laspara gently aside, as though he wished to be seen from head to foot by everybody. By then the buzz of conversation had died down completely, even in the most distant of the three rooms. The doorway facing Razumov became blocked by people, who craned their necks and certainly seemed to expect something to happen.

A squeaky declaration was heard from there.

"I know the individual."

"What individual?" asked Razumov, raising his bowed head and searching with his eyes all the eyes fixed upon him. An intense, surprised silence lasted for a time. "If it's me . . ."

He stopped, thinking over the form of his confession—and found it suddenly, unavoidably suggested by the fateful evening of his life.

"I am come here," he began in a clear voice, "to talk of an individual called Ziemianitch. Sofia Antonovna has informed me that she would make public a certain letter from Petersburg. . . ."

"Sofia Antonovna has left us early in the evening," said Laspara. "It's quite correct. Everybody here . . ."

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"Very well," Razumov interrupted, with a shade of impatience, for his heart was beating strongly. Then mastering his voice so far that there was even a taint of irony in his clear, forcible enunciation:

"In justice to that individual, the much ill-used peasant Ziemianitch, I now declare solemnly that the conclusions of that letter calumniate a man of the people—a bright Russian soul. He had nothing to do with the actual arrest of Victor Haldin."

Razumov dwelt on the name heavily and then waited till the faint, mournful murmur which greeted it had died out.

"Victor Victorovitch Haldin, acting no doubt with noble-minded imprudence, took refuge with a certain student of whose opinions he knew nothing but what his illusions suggested. It was no doubt a generous display of confidence. But I am not here to appreciate the actions of Victor Haldin. Am I to tell you of the feelings of that student, sought out in his obscure solitude and menaced by the complicity forced upon him? Am I to tell you what he did? It's a complicated affair. In the end he went to General T—— himself, and said: 'I have the man who killed P—— locked up in my room; Victor Haldin—a student.'" A great buzz arose, in which Razumov raised his voice. "Observe—that man had certain honest ideals in view. But I didn't come here to explain him."

"No; but you must explain how you know all this," came in grave tones from somebody.

"Vile coward!" This cry vibrated with indignation. "Name!" shouted other voices.

"What are you clamoring for?" said Razumov, disdainfully, in the profound silence which fell on the raising of his hand. "Haven't you all understood that I am the man?"

Laspara went away bruskly from his side and climbed upon his stool. In the first surge of people toward him Razumov expected to be torn to pieces, but they fell back, and nothing came of it but noise. It bewildered him. His head ached terribly. All he could make out was the name of Peter Ivanovitch, the word "judgment," and the phrase "But this is a confession," uttered by somebody in a desperate shout. In the midst of that uproar a young man, younger than himself, approached him with blazing eyes.

"I must beg you," he said, with venomous politeness, "to be good enough not to move from this spot till you are told what you are to do." Razumov shrugged his shoulders.

"I came voluntarily."

"Maybe; but you won't go till you are permitted," retorted the other.

He beckoned, calling out: "Louisa! Louisa! Here, please!" And presently one of the Laspara girls (they had been staring at Razumov from behind the samovar) came along trailing a bedraggled tail of dirty flounces and dragging with her a chair, which she set against the door, and, sitting down on it, crossed her legs. The young man thanked her effusively and rejoined a group discussing hotly. Razumov lost himself for a moment.

A shrill voice screamed, "Confession or no confession, he's a police spy."

The revolutionist Nikita had pushed his way in front of Razumov and faced him with his big, livid face, his heavy paunch, bull neck, and enormous hands. Razumov looked at the famous slayer of gendarmes in silent disgust.

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"And you?" he said very low, and shut his eyes, upright, the back of his head against the wall.

"It would be better for you to depart," said a mild, sad voice—an elderly man with a great brush of hair and beard making like a halo of hairs all round his keen, intelligent face. "Peter Ivanovitch shall be informed of your confession—and you shall be directed . . ."

Then turning to Nikita, nicknamed Necator, he murmured: "What else can we do? His sincerity apart, he cannot be dangerous any longer."

The other muttered: "Better make sure of that before we let him go. Leave that to me."

He exchanged meaning glances with two or three men, who nodded slightly, then, turning roughly to Razumov: "You heard? You are not wanted here. Why don't you get out?"

The Laspara girl on guard rose and pulled the chair out of the way unemotionally. She gave a stony stare to Razumov, who passed slowly out, as if in deep thought.

"I beg you to observe," he said, turning in the doorway, "that I had only to hold my tongue. To-day of all days since I came among you I was made safe—and to-day I have made myself free from falsehood, from remorse—independent of every single human being on this earth."

He turned his back on the room and walked toward the stairs, but at the violent crash of the door behind him he looked over his shoulder and saw that Nikita, with three others, had followed him on the landing. "They are going to kill me, after all," he thought.

As he turned to face them they set on him and drove him suddenly against the wall. "I wonder how," he finished his thought. Nikita said, with a shrill laugh, "We shall make him harmless."

Razumov did not struggle. The three men held him pinned against the wall while Nikita, taking up his position, deliberately swung off his enormous arm. Razumov, looking for a knife in his hand, saw it open, unarmed, and received a tremendous blow on the side of his head over his ear. At the same time he heard a faint, dull, detonating sound, as if some one had fired a pistol on the other side of the wall. A raging fury awoke in him. It was then that the people in Laspara's rooms held their breath, listening to the desperate scuffling of four men all over the landing: thuds against the walls, a terrible crash against the very door—then a fall of several men going down together with a violence which shook the floor under their feet. Razumov, overpowered, crushed, breathless under the weight of his assailants, saw the monstrous Nikita squatting on his heels near his head while the others held him down, kneeling on his chest, gripping his throat, lying across his legs.

"Turn his face the other way," the paunchy terrorist directed.

Razumov could struggle no longer. He was exhausted—and, passive, he had to watch the heavy open hand swing off and descending again in a degrading blow. It seemed to crush his head—and all at once the men holding him became perfectly silent. In silence they pulled him brutally to his feet, rushed him headlong down the staircase, and, opening the door, flung him out violently into the street.

He fell on his face, and at once rolled helplessly down the short slope over and over with the rush of running water—and came to a rest at the roadway of the street at the bottom on his back with a great flash of

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lightning in his eyes—a vivid, silent flash of lightning that blinded him utterly. He picked himself up and put his arm over his eyes to recover his sight. Not a sound reached him from anywhere. He walked on down a long, empty street. The lightning waved and darted round him its silent flames; the water of the deluge fell, ran, leaped, drove, noiseless like the drift of mist. In this unearthly silence his footsteps, too, fell silent on the pavement, while a mute wind drove him on and on like a lost mortal in a phantom world ravaged by a soundless thunder-storm. God only knows where his noiseless feet took him to that night, here and there, and back again; of one place at least where they did lead him we heard afterward—and in the morning the driver of the first south-shore tram-car, clanging his bell desperately, saw a bedraggled, soaked man without a hat walking in the roadway unsteadily, with his head down, step right in front of his car and go under.

When they picked him up with two broken limbs and a crushed side he had not lost consciousness. It was as though he had tumbled, smashing himself into a world of mutes. Silent men, moving unheard, lifted him up, laid him on a stretcher, gesticulated and grimaced round him their alarm, horror, and compassion. A red face with mustaches stooped close over him, lips moving, eyes rolling. Razumov tried to understand this dumb show. To those who stood round him the features of that man, so grievously hurt, seemed composed in meditation. Afterward his eyes sent out a look of fear and closed slowly. Razumov made an effort to remember some French words.

"I am deaf," he had time to exclaim feebly before he lost consciousness.

They carried him off in that same car. Before it started on its journey a woman in a shabby black dress, who had run out of the iron gate of some private grounds up the road, clambered onto the rear platform and would not be put off.

"I am a relation," she protested, in bad French. "This young man is a Russian, and I am his relation."

On this ground they let her have her way. She sat down calmly and took his head on her lap. Her scared eyes avoided looking at his death-like face. At the corner of a street on the other side of the town a stretcher met the car. She followed it to the door of the hospital, where they let her come in and see him laid on a bed. Razumov's new-found relation never shed a tear, but the officials had some difficulty in inducing her to go away. The porter observed her lingering on the opposite pavement for a long time. Suddenly she ran off.

CHAPTER XVII

It was nearly a week after her mother's funeral that I saw Natalia Haldin for the last time.

In those silent, somber days the doors of the apartment on the Boulevard des Philosophes were closed to every one but myself. I trust I was of some use, if only in this, that I alone was aware of the incredible part of the situation. Miss Haldin nursed her mother alone to the last moment. If Razumov's visit had anything to do with Mrs. Haldin's end (and I cannot help thinking that it hastened it considerably), it is because the man trusted impulsively by the ill-fated Victor Haldin had failed to gain

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the confidence of Victor Haldin's mother. What tale, precisely, he told her cannot be known—at any rate I do not know it—but to me she seemed to die from the shock of an ultimate disappointment borne in silence. She had not believed him. Perhaps she could no longer believe any one, and consequently had nothing to say to any one—not even to her daughter. I suspect that Miss Haldin lived the heaviest hours of her life by that silent death-bed. I confess I was angry with the broken-hearted old woman passing away in the obstinacy of her mute distrust of her daughter.

When it was all over I stood aside. Miss Haldin had her compatriots round her then. A great number of them attended the funeral. I was there too, but afterward managed to keep away from Miss Haldin, till I received a short note rewarding my self-sacrifice. "It is as you would have it. I am going back to Russia at once. My mind is made up."

Verily, it was a reward of discretion. I went without delay to receive it. The apartment of the Boulevard des Philosophes presented the dreary signs of impending abandonment. It looked desolate and as if already empty to my eyes.

Standing, we exchanged a few words, her health, mine, remarks as to some people of the Russian colony; and then Natalia Haldin, establishing me on the sofa, began to talk openly of her future work, of her plans. It was all to be as I had wished it. And it was to be for life. We would never see each other again.

I gathered this reward to my breast. Natalia Haldin looked matured by her open and secret experiences. With her arms folded, she walked up and down the whole length of the room, talking slowly, smooth-browed, with a resolute profile. She gave me a new view of herself, and I marveled at that something grave and measured in her voice, in her movements, in her manner. It was the perfection of collected independence. The strength of her nature had come to surface because the obscure depths had been stirred.

"We two can talk of it now," she observed, after a silence, and stopping short before me. "Have you been to inquire lately?"

"Yes, I have." And as she looked at me fixedly—"He will live, the doctors say. But I thought that Tekla . . ."

"Tekla has not been near me for several days," explained Miss Haldin, quickly. "As I never offered to go to the hospital with her, she thinks that I have no heart. She is disillusioned about me."

And Miss Haldin smiled faintly.

"Yes. She sits with him as long and as often as they will let her," I said. "She says she must never abandon him; never as long as she lives. He'll need somebody—a hopeless cripple, and stone-deaf with that."

"Stone-deaf? I didn't know," murmured Natalia Haldin.

"He is. It seems strange. I am told there were no apparent injuries to the head. They say too that it is likely he won't live so very long for Tekla to take care of him."

"While there are travelers ready to fall by the way our Tekla shall never be idle. She is a good Samaritan by an irresistible vocation. The revolutionists didn't understand her. Fancy a devoted creature like that being employed to carry about documents sewn in her dress or made to write from dictation!"

"There is not much perspicacity in the world."

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No sooner uttered, I regretted that observation. Natalia Haldin, looking me straight in the face, assented by a slight movement of her head. She was not offended, but, turning away, began to pace the room again. To my Western eyes she seemed to be getting farther and farther away, quite beyond my reach now, but undiminished in the increasing distance. I remained silent, as though it were hopeless to raise my voice. The sound of hers so close to me made me start a little.

"Tekla saw him picked up after the accident? The good soul never explained to me really how it came about. She affirms that there was some understanding between them—some sort of compact—that in any sore need, in misfortune, or difficulty, or pain, he was to come to her."

"Was there?" I said. "It is lucky for him that there was, then. He'll need all the devotion of the good Samaritan."

It was a fact that Tekla, looking out of her window at five in the morning for some reason or other, beheld Razumov in the grounds of the Château Borel, standing stock still, bareheaded, in the rain at the foot of the terrace. She had screamed out to him by name to know what was the matter. He never raised his head. By the time she had dressed herself sufficiently to run down-stairs he was gone. She started in pursuit, and, rushing out into the road, came almost directly upon the arrested tram-car and the small knot of people picking up Razumov. That much Tekla had told me herself one afternoon we happened to meet at the door of the hospital, and without any kind of comment. But I did not want to meditate very long on the inwardness of this strange episode.

"Yes, Natalia Viktorovna, he shall need somebody when they dismiss him on crutches and stone-deaf from the hospital. But I do not think that when he rushed like an escaped madman into the grounds of the Château Borel it was to seek the help of that good Tekla."

"No," she said, stopping short before me. "Perhaps not." She sat down and leaned her head on her hand thoughtfully.

The silence lasted for several minutes. During that time I remembered the evening of his atrocious confession—the plaint she seemed to have hardly enough life left in her to utter: "It is impossible to be more unhappy." . . . The recollection would have given me a shudder if I had not been lost in wonder at her force and her tranquillity. There was no longer any Natalia Haldin, because she had completely ceased to think of herself. It was a great victory, a characteristically Russian exploit in self-suppression.

She recalled me to myself by getting up suddenly like a person who had come to a decision. She walked to the writing-table, now stripped of all the small objects associated with her by daily use—a mere piece of dead furniture; but it contained something living still, since she took from some recess a flat parcel, which she brought to me.

"It's a book," she said, rather abruptly. "It was sent to me. I told you nothing at the time, but now I've decided to leave it with you. I have the right to do that. It was sent to me. It is mine. You may preserve it or destroy it after you have read it. And while you read it please remember that I *was* defenseless."

"Defenseless!" I repeated, surprised, looking hard at her.

"You'll find the very word written there," she whispered. "Well, it's true! I *was* defenceless. But perhaps you knew that yourself."

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Her face colored, then went deadly pale.

"In justice to the man, I want you to remember that."

I rose, a little shaky.

"I am not likely to forget anything you say at parting."

Her hand fell into mine.

"It's difficult to believe that it must be good-by with us."

She returned my pressure, and our hands separated.

"Yes. I am leaving here to-morrow. My eyes are open at last and my hands are free now. As for the rest, which of us can fail to hear the stifled cry of our great distress. It may be nothing to the world—"

"The world is more attentive to your discordant voices," I said.

"Yes." She bowed her head in assent, and hesitated for a moment. "I must own to you that I have been thinking of the time when all discord shall be silenced. Just imagine! The tempest of blows and of execrations is over. All is still: the new sun is rising, and the weary men, united at last, taking count in their conscience of the ended contest, feel saddened by their victory because so many ideas have perished for the triumph of one, so many beliefs have abandoned them without support. They feel alone on the earth, and gather close together. Yes, there must be many bitter hours! But at last the anguish of hearts shall be extinguished in love."

And on this last word of her vision, a word so sweet, so bitter, so cruel sometimes, I said good-by to Natalia Haldin. It is hard to think I shall never look any more into the truthful eyes of that girl, wedded to an invincible belief in the advent of loving concord to be born like a heavenly flower from the soil of men's earth, soaked in blood, torn by struggles, watered with tears.

It must be understood that at the time I didn't know anything of Mr. Razumov's confession to the assembled revolutionists. Natalia Haldin might have guessed that this was the "one thing more" which remained for him to do, but this my Western eyes had failed to see.

Tekla, the ex-lady companion of Madame de S——, haunted his bedside in the hospital. We met once or twice at the door of that establishment, but on these occasions she was not communicative. She gave me news of Mr. Razumov as concisely as possible. He was making a slow recovery, but would remain a hopeless cripple all his life. Personally, I never went near him; I never saw him again after the awful evening when I stood by, a watchful but ignored spectator of his scene with Miss Haldin. He was in due course discharged from the hospital, and his "relative"—so I was told—had carried him off somewhere.

My information was completed nearly two years later; the opportunity certainly was not of my seeking. It was quite accidentally that I met a much-trusted woman revolutionist at the house of a distinguished Russian gentleman of liberal convictions who came to live in Geneva for a time.

He was a quite different sort of celebrity from Peter Ivanovitch. He was a dark-haired man, with kind, brown eyes, high-shouldered, courteous, and with something hushed and circumspect in his manner. He approached me, choosing the moment when there was no one near, followed by a gray-haired, alert lady in a crimson blouse.

"Our Sofia Antonovna wished to be made known to you," he addressed me in his soft voice. "And so I leave you to have a talk together."

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"I would never have intruded myself upon your notice," the gray-haired lady began at once, "if I had not been charged with a message for you."

It was a message of a few friendly words from Natalia Haldin. Sofia Antonovna had just returned from a secret excursion into Russia, and had seen Miss Haldin. She had lived in a town "in the center," sharing her compassionate labors between the horrors of overcrowded jails and the heartrending misery of bereaved homes. She did not spare herself in the good service, Sofia Antonovna assured me.

"She has a faithful soul, an undaunted spirit, and an indefatigable body"—the woman revolutionist summed it all up with a touch of enthusiasm.

A conversation thus engaged was not likely to drop from want of interest on my part. We went to sit apart in a corner where no one interrupted us. In the course of our talk about Miss Haldin, Sofia Antonovna remarked suddenly:

"I suppose you remember seeing me before? That evening when Natalia came to ask Peter Ivanovitch for the address of a certain Razumov, that young man who—"

"I remember perfectly," I said. And when Sofia Antonovna learned that I had in my possession that young man's journal, given me by Miss Haldin, she became intensely interested, without any concealment whatever of her curiosity to see the document.

I offered to show it to her, and she at once proposed to call on me next day for that purpose.

She turned the pages avidly for an hour or more, and then returned me the book with a faint sigh. While moving about Russia she had seen Razumov, too.

I did not hide from Sofia Antonovna my surprise that she should have visited Mr. Razumov. I did not even understand it. But she informed me that she was not the only one.

"Some of *us* always go to see him when passing through. He is intelligent. He has ideas. . . . He talks well, too."

Presently I heard for the first time of Razumov's public confession in Laspara's house. Sofia Antonovna gave me a detailed relation of what had occurred there; Razumov himself had told her all about it most minutely.

Then looking hard at me with her brilliant black eyes:

"There are moments of evil in every life. A false suggestion enters one's brain, and then fear is born—a fear of oneself, fear of oneself. Or else a false courage—who knows? Well, call it what you like; but tell me how many of us would deliver themselves up deliberately to perdition (as he himself calls it in that book) rather than go on living secretly debased in their own eyes? How many? . . . And please mark this—he was safe when he did it. It was just when he believed himself safe, and more—infinitely more—when the possibility of being loved by that admirable girl first dawned upon him, that she discovered that his bitterest railings, the worst wickedness, the devil-work of his hate and pride, could never cover up the ignominy of the existence before him. There's character in such a discovery."

I accepted her conclusion in silence. Who would care to question the

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grounds of forgiveness or compassion? However, it appeared later on that there was some compunction too in the charity extended by the revolutionary world to Razumov, the betrayer. Sofia Antonovna spoke:

"And then, you know, he was the victim of an outrage. It was not authorized. Nothing was decided as to what was to be done to him. The man had confessed. And that Nikita, who burst the drums of his ears purposely, out on the landing, you know, as if carried away by indignation —well, he has turned out to be a scoundrel of the worst kind—a traitor, himself a betrayer, a spy! Razumov told me he charged him with it by a sort of inspiration. . . ."

"I had a glimpse of that brute," I said. "How any of you could have been deceived for half a day passes my comprehension!"

She interrupted me.

"There! There! Don't talk of it. The first time I saw him I too was appalled. They cried me down. We were always telling one another, 'Oh, you mustn't mind his appearance.' And then he killed. There was no doubt of it. He killed—yes! In both camps."

And Sofia Antonovna, after mastering the angry trembling of her lips, told me a very queer tale. It went that Councillor Mikulin, traveling in Germany (shortly after Razumov's disappearance from Geneva), happened to meet Peter Ivanovitch in a railway carriage. Being alone in the compartment, these two talked together half the night, and it was then that Mikulin, the police chief, gave a hint to the arch-revolutionist as to the true character of the arch-slayer of gendarmes. It looks as though Mikulin had wanted to get rid of that particular agent of his own! He might have grown tired of him, or frightened of him. It must be also said that Mikulin had inherited the sinister Nikita from his predecessor in office.

"Tell me, please, Sofia Antonovna, did Madame de S—— leave all her fortune to Peter Ivanovitch?"

"Not a bit of it." The woman revolutionist shrugged her shoulders in disgust. "She never made a will. A lot of nephews and nieces came down from Petersburg like a flock of vultures and tore up all that money among themselves. All beastly kammerherrs and maids of honor—abominable court flunkeys. Hui!"

"One does not hear much of Peter Ivanovitch now," I remarked.

"Peter Ivanovitch," said Sofia Antonovna, gravely, "has united himself to a peasant girl."

"What, on the Riviera?"

"What nonsense! Of course not."

"Is he, then, living actually in Russia? It's a tremendous risk—isn't it?" I cried. "And all for the sake of a peasant girl. Don't you think it's very wrong of him?"

Sofia Antonovna preserved a mysterious silence for a while, then made a statement.

"He just simply adores her."

"Does he? Well, then I hope that she won't hesitate to beat him."

Sofia Antonovna got up and wished me good-by as though she had not heard a word of my impious hope; but in the very doorway, where I attended her, she turned round for an instant and declared in a firm voice:

"Peter Ivanovitch is a wonderful man!"

THE END.

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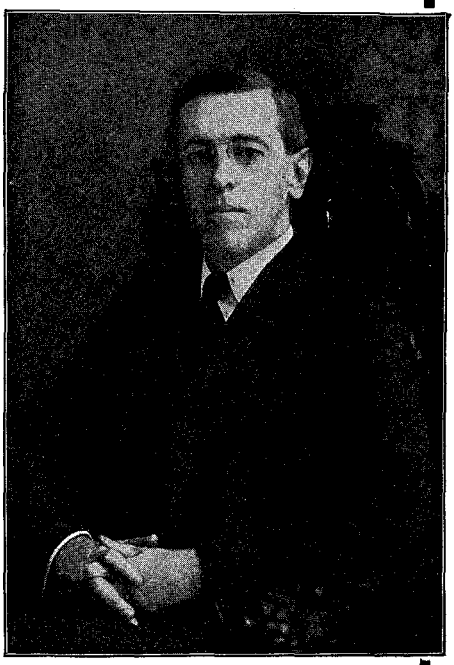

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